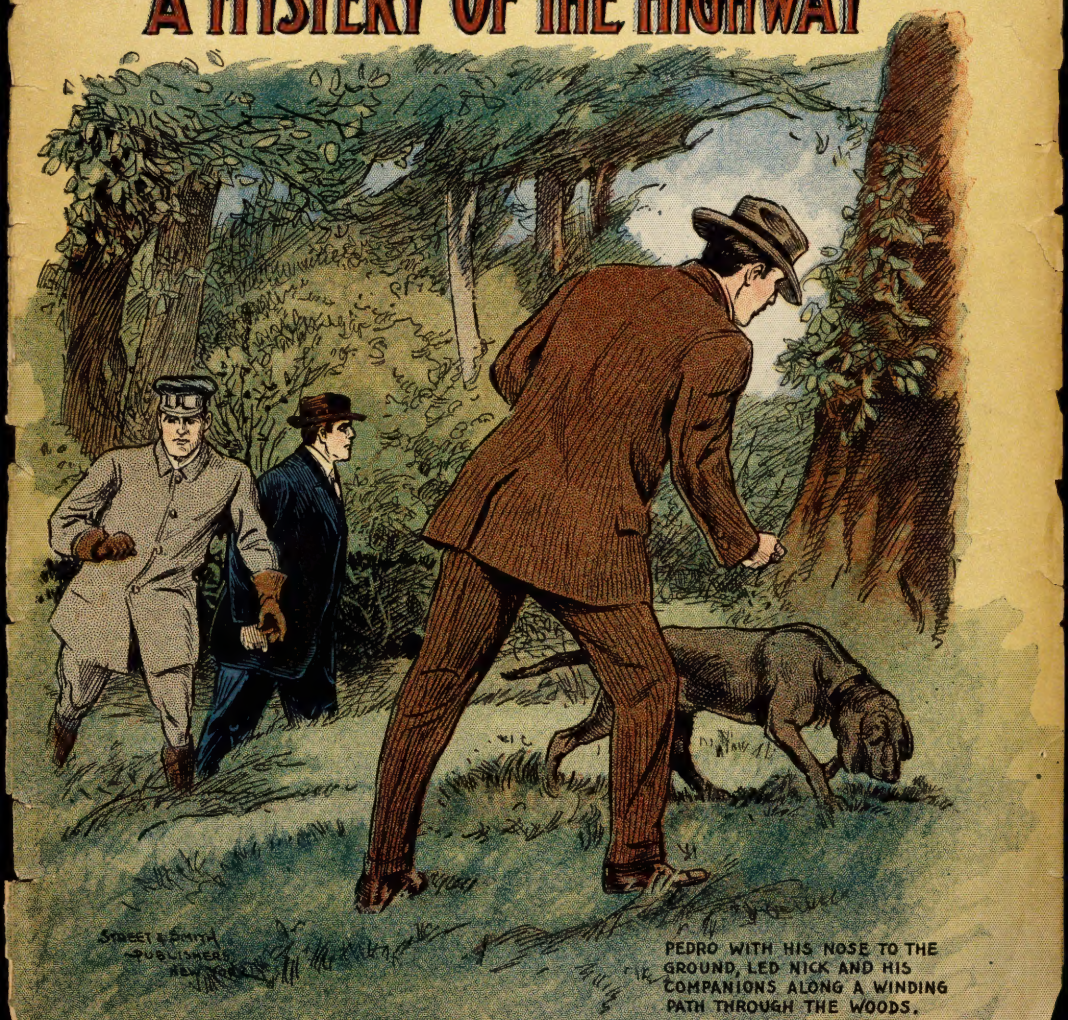
No. 13 DEC. 7, 1912 5 CENTS

NICK CARTER STORIES

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A MYSTERY OF THE HIGHWAY



PEDRO WITH HIS NOSE TO THE GROUND, LED NICK AND HIS COMPANIONS ALONG A WINDING PATH THROUGH THE WOODS.

STREET & SMITH PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

NICK CARTER STORIES

Issued Weekly. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, by STREET & SMITH, 79-89 *Seventh Ave., New York.*

Copyright, 1912, by STREET & SMITH. *O. G. Smith and G. C. Smith, Proprietors.*

TERMS TO NICK CARTER STORIES MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.
(*Postage Free.*)
Single Copies or Back Numbers, 5c. Each.

3 months..... 65c. One year..... $2.50
4 months..... 85c. 2 copies one year..... 4.00
6 months..... $1.25 1 copy two years..... 4.00

How to Send Money—By post-office or express money order, registered letter, bank check or draft, at our risk. At your own risk if sent by currency, coin, or postage stamps in ordinary letter.

Receipts—Receipt of your remittance is acknowledged by proper change of number on your label. If not correct you have not been properly credited, and should let us know at once.

No. 13. NEW YORK, December 7, 1912. Price Five Cents.

A MYSTERY OF THE HIGHWAY;

Or, NICK CARTER'S AUTOMOBILE PROBLEM.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE ABANDONED CAR.

Nick Carter put on the brake and brought the car to a stop within twice its length. Nor was it any too quickly done, for not more than ten feet intervened between his own radiator and the red splotch made by the tail light of another car.

"Jump out, Patsy, and see what's the trouble," Nick said; and Patsy leaped to the ground beside the roadway and ran forward quickly.

"Well, is everybody dead up there—or what?" Nick called out when he saw by the glare of his own headlights that Patsy had only devoted a single glance to the interior of the car ahead, and then turned his head and eyes in various directions as if in search of something.

"Give it up, chief," Patsy called back to him. "There isn't a soul here—nor a sign of one, so far as I can see."

"But the engine is running," Nick replied, as he began to slide himself out from beneath the steering wheel of his car. "That is what I hear, isn't it?"

No answer was required to this last question, for by the time that Patsy could have responded to it, Nick was beside him, and could see for himself, as well as hear, that the engine of the deserted car was humming merrily and easily, as if it were thoroughly in tune and capable of all sorts of continued effort if the clutch were thrown in.

Nick and his second assistant traveling together in the detective's new roadster had come upon the other car just around a sharp bend in the narrow roadway; they had, in fact, been driving only at moderate speed at the time, because the road was narrow and winding, and was bordered closely on either hand by the thick and practically impenetrable growth of spruces that shot out their branches overhead until they almost interlocked.

If two cars bound in opposite directions had met just there, they would have encountered difficulty in passing each other, or if Nick Carter's natural caution had not warned him to drive slowly, he surely would have wrecked his own car against the abandoned one.

The inference—there was only one that could be drawn at first glance—was that the person who had been driving the abandoned car had been alone, and had abandoned it for a moment or two only and would presently return.

Nick Carter employed the interval while he stood beside the car gazing at it without especial interest, to select a cigar from his case, and light it with a match that Patsy ignited and handed to him.

"It's one of those new models of the Crandyl," said Patsy, referring to the big, seven-passenger car beside which they were standing, maroon-colored, with a tan top, glass wind shield, four headlights, and searchlight—in fact, it was provided with all the appurtenances that go with a first-class, high-priced car of the very latest model.

Both the detective and his assistant had assumed the cause of the delay—a not extraordinary one—and they waited with what patience they could muster until the owner of the car, or the person temporarily in charge of it, should return, to take it out of their way so they could drive on.

"Give a shout or two, Patsy," said Nick, when he began to feel some impatience. "You'll get a reply from somewhere back there among the trees, likely enough, although I should have thought that the chap could hear us talking here."

So Patsy lifted up his voice and shouted:

"Hello! Helloooo, there!"

They waited, but no answering shout came to them. There was no reply from among the trees at either side of the road. There was nothing to indicate that any person other than themselves was alive anywhere in the vicinity of the abandoned car.

"It's rather odd, isn't it?" said Nick Carter. He was asking the question of himself rather than of his companion. Patsy replied to it by asking another one.

"Shall I drive it to one side so that we can get past it, and shall we go on?" he suggested, and he started forward to put the idea into effect; but Nick restrained him.

"Wait a moment more," the detective said. "I'm beginning to think that there is something decidedly queer about this, Patsy; and fortunately we are in no haste. We'll wait a little."

"We have been here ten minutes already," Patsy grumbled.

"About that; yes. We'll wait ten more, and then, if nobody has come, we will look about us a bit."

The detective had glanced at his watch when he said they would wait ten minutes more, and he held it in his hand until the ten minutes had expired; then he returned it to his pocket.

"There is something here that isn't quite right, Patsy," he said.

"Huh! I made up my mind to that twenty minutes ago when we so narrowly missed running into the car," said Patsy, with fine scorn. "The thing that isn't right is the crazy fool that was running that car—to go off and leave it like that, standing plumb in the middle of the road. I'd like to tap him one on the panel for that."

"We have two good swivel searchlights at our command, Patsy," said the detective, paying no attention to his assistant's irritation; "our own, and this one. You use ours, and I will use this one. We'll begin to look about us a bit."

A moment later the powerful searchlights with which each of the cars was provided were directed along the sides of the road at the trees and among them as far as they could penetrate; along the depressions beside the roadway which were not deep enough to be called ditches; at every spot where the lights could reach and the eyes could follow.

It did not take long, that investigation with the searchlights; it was quickly over, and it developed nothing.

The detective was the first one to desist.

He had already looked inside of the abandoned car, but now he went to it and opened the door, and bent forward with his own pocket-electric torch in his hand.

Nick flashed the light everywhere about the interior of the car, discovering nothing; and after a few moments of that sort of searching, he drew forth his magnifying glass, and with its aid began a still closer and more thorough search of the rug and seats inside the car.

CHAPTER II.

A MIDNIGHT MYSTERY.

"Shall I do the same at the front of the car?" Patsy asked.

"No," Nick replied, without looking up. "I'll attend to the car myself. It must be read through to the end as one would read a book. This is no ordinary mystery, Patsy; and the solution of it, if there is one—which I am beginning to doubt in one way—must be found here; or, at least, the suggestion for a solution."

"But I don't want to stand here with my tongue in my cheek, doing nothing," said the assistant.

"Search the roadway in both directions; the way we came and the direction in which we were going."

The time was midnight; the night was a starry one, without a moon to speak of, but even had there been one its rays could not have penetrated to the roadway through those interlaced boughs of spruce over their heads.

The detective conducted his search with the electric torch in a methodical manner. It was his habit to do all things in that way when he could.

Another person might have begun with the front seat where the driver of the car had left the engine running when he abandoned it; but Nick Carter was already convinced that the man—if it were a man—had left the car for no ordinary and momentary reason; he had already assured himself that there had been something studied about the whole affair, and he believed that he could find the answer to the riddle more readily inside the car, than at the front of it where the driver had been seated.

Patsy had not been gone a moment toward the rear of the car; in fact, he had not begun the actual search which Nick had directed him to make, when he called back in some surprise:

"I say, chief, there isn't any license number here, at the tail of the car. Had you noticed that fact?"

"Go on with your search, Patsy, and report back when you have finished it," said the detective in reply, and without responding to the question.

Patsy said nothing, but he walked around to the front of the car to see if there was a license number there. He looked, and shook his head. Then he returned to Nick's car and arranged the searchlight of

it to suit his present convenience, and went seriously to work.

He peered among the branches for a bit of cloth, a button, a handkerchief, or a scrap of a veil as Nick had suggested. He sought everywhere—and at last he returned to the abandoned car and stood beside it, comforting himself by lighting a cigar and puffing at it vigorously.

The detective was still busy with the occupation he had selected for himself, only by that time he had transferred his attentions to other parts of the car than its interior, front or back.

But at last he restored the electric torch and the glass to his pockets, and he seated himself on the step between the mud guards, and with his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his hands, gave himself up to reflection.

Patsy, observing that his chief was not yet disposed to receive his report, shrugged his shoulders and moved away without speaking. He started in the direction in which they had been traveling when they had come upon the abandoned car, disappearing, presently, around the bend, for the road wound away in that direction in a gradually lessening curve.

Nick Carter recovered from his reverie after a time; he had stopped the engine of the car when he began his examination with the glass.

He looked around him with something of the air of one who awakes from a deep sleep, for he had been indulging in an unusual effort of concentration while he was seated upon that step of the car; he arose to his feet and looked about him; then he called:

"Hello, Patsy! Where are you?"

There was no answer, and after Nick had waited a moment, he repeated the call, somewhat more loudly, and this time there was a reply.

"Coming," Patsy called from far up the road; and after a moment he came into view.

"There has been——" he began, when he was close enough to speak naturally; but Nick interrupted him with a gesture.

"Don't talk just now, Patsy," he said. "There has been another car standing idle, I suppose, somewhere up the road, and you found where it had leaked oil, or something of the sort, to assure you of it. I imagine that was what you were about to say. But don't talk about it just now. I want to get this whole thing straight in my mind before we discuss it. You go back and get into our car. I'll lead the way."

"Are you going to take this car?" Patsy asked.

"Yes."

"To the city?"

"No; we'll turn into the Old Mill Road when we get over the top of the hill, and go back to Pinetop by the turnpike. We will defer our return to the city until later. You can telephone Chick to that effect as soon as we get back to Pinetop."

So Nick Carter climbed into the seat under the wheel of the abandoned car, and Patsy returned to Nick's roadster, and the two cars were started forward. There was no opportunity, of course, for conversation, after that.

A little more than half an hour later they drove between the stone gateposts at the entrance to the detective's country place, Pinetop, Connecticut, and followed the winding, poplar-bordered road that leads to the house which stands back among the trees so that it is not seen from the main highway.

"Put my car away and go into the house," Nick said to Patsy. "Go to bed, if you feel like it. I am going back, and I'll use this car."

"Don't you want me?" Patsy asked, somewhat surprised.

"No. Not this time. I'm going to take Pedro."

Patsy nodded comprehendingly.

"I'll hear what you have to say about it, Patsy, when I get back—if you haven't gone to bed; but it can wait till morning just as well. I think I have got hold of one end of the string. The great thing now is to find the other end."

CHAPTER III.

A PROBLEM OF THE HIGHWAY.

Pedro is Nick Carter's favorite dog, a bloodhound of royal breed, the keenest-nosed, the kindest, wisest, and the best of all the dumb animals that the detective had ever known. But Pedro has now passed his tenth birthday, and he doesn't do much these days but wait and watch at Pinetop for his master's comings and goings. A bloodhound, be it known, does not derive its name because of its ability to follow unerringly any scent upon which it may be put; the name comes from its undoubted aristocracy, and is used in the same way in which we refer to a horse as a thoroughbred.

The detective left the car standing under the porte-cochère while he went around the house after the dog. When he returned he opened the side door of the car and signaled to Pedro to jump in. Then he said, much as he might have spoken to a human being:

"Get the scent, boy. Study it up, old chap. Get it down fine. You'll find it all, right there, inside the car."

He closed the door then and thrust himself again beneath the steering wheel just as Patsy returned, having put Nick's car away for the night.

"You'd best not wait up for me, Patsy," he said. "There is no knowing when I will return. I may be only a couple of hours, and I may not be back before breakfast."

With that he drove away down the road again.

Breakfast was about ready to be served when he returned, and, having disposed of Pedro and given directions that the dog be properly fed, the detective went straight to his own quarters, where he plunged into a cold bath, shaved, and dressed himself before he joined Patsy in the dining room, for, as it happened, they were alone in the house with only the regular servants about them.

By common consent the subject which was uppermost in the minds of both men was not referred to during the disposal of the morning meal; but as soon as it was finished, and they had lighted their cigars, they adjourned to the library for their consultation.

"Pedro had considerable to tell me, after all," said Nick, as he drew a chair forward into the bay window from which he commanded an extensive view of the hilly and wooded country around them. "The old fellow is as wise and as accurate as ever, I find. But we won't discuss him and what he did, just yet; we'll get to it in the regular order. You had something to tell me, Patsy, before I went back to the place where we found the car."

"You want me to begin——"

"Wait. I want you to begin at the moment when we came in sight of the red tail light of the Crandyl. From that point onward, I want you to talk to me exactly as if I had not been there myself; as if you were returning here now to tell me about it. In that way only can I get at what is in the back of your mind about it."

Patsy nodded, for he knew this to be one of Nick Carter's favorite methods of procedure.

"I think that our first impressions about the abandoned car were the same," said the assistant by way of a beginning. "When we swung around that curve near the bottom of the ravine and came so suddenly upon that light, my thought was that the car ahead of us was out of gasoline; then that the engine had broken down; then, when I ran forward and discovered that there was no person with the car, that the driver of it had been alone, and had found it necessary to step into the woods for a moment; but even then it struck me as strange that he had not had consideration enough for his own car, and for others, to draw the Crandyl to one side of the road before he left it.

"Up to the time when you got down and joined me near the Crandyl car, and for a few moments after that, I think we both had the idea the driver of the car would return in a few moments."

"Yes," Nick agreed. "Go on. I shall not prompt you."

"Well, he didn't return. We shouted and received no response. The driver of the car had gone away and left it standing in the middle of the road, and had not returned. So either he did not intend to return, or he had been prevented from doing so."

Nick Carter nodded his head, but said nothing.

"The fact that he had left his engine running suggested that he did intend to return to the car, but——"

"Necessarily?"

"I was about to add that he might have been forced to leave the car against his will say at the muzzle of a gun, by a holdup man. In such an event he would have had his hands in the air when he got down, and would have had no opportunity to stop the engine."

"But the person who had been running the car, if compelled to get down as you suggest, would have returned to the car after the holdup, don't you think?" Nick asked.

"Yes—if there was the opportunity. There are two things that I have thought of which might have interfered with that view of it, though."

"What are they?"

"One of them is that if the occasion was a holdup, it might not have been for the purposes of robbery. It might have been the person of the driver of the car that was wanted, instead of the valuables that he may have had about him."

"Correct. Which is another form of suggesting that the incident was an abduction—or something of that sort, instead of a mere exploit of highwaymen?"

"Precisely."

"What is the other thing that you referred to?"

"The answer to that question hangs upon the fact that some distance ahead of the point where that car was stopped, I found where another car had been standing for a considerable time."

"Well?"

"If that first car went to the point where it was stopped, for the express purpose of intercepting the person or persons who were expected to pass that way in the Crandyl, and if the people in the unknown car had walked back along the road for that purpose, they might have been in the very midst of the proceeding when they heard the approach of our car."

Nick nodded. "That is a reasonable suggestion," he agreed.

"They might have been in the midst of the holdup when they heard our car coming," the assistant went on. "The driver of the Crandyl may have just got down, with his hands over his head, when the approach of our car was detected."

"Yes."

"That would have sent the holdup party scurrying back along the road toward their own car, which was waiting for them a quarter of a mile ahead. They would know that the approaching car—ours—would be detained; they would know that there would be some minutes at the very best before we could get past the car that blocked the road. They very likely would have figured upon just the sort of delay that actually did occur; and if they took with them whoever was in the Crandyl when it was stopped, that would account for the nonreturn of the driver. I ought to tell you right here that all my searching along the sides of the road was fruitless."

"I understand."

"It was not until I went on up the road a quarter of a mile, and discovered the spot where a third car had been waiting, that I thought of all these possibilities."

"Had that first car been turned around in the roadway?" questioned Nick.

"No; I don't think so. I should say that it had been driven out there traveling in the same direction that the Crandyl and our car were going, and that

having arrived at a desirable point for the purposes in view, it had been stopped, its passengers had left it, and gone back along the road to do the holdup business."

"Do you feel perfectly satisfied, Patsy, that it was a holdup?"

"That is my opinion; based upon what I have already said about it."

"Well, you were gone some time when you found where that other car had been waiting, and so you must have made rather a thorough examination of that spot. What did it develop?"

"Very little that goes deeper than mere surmise. The road there is so hard and smooth that there were no footprints or tracks left upon it; still, there were other things to determine me in the opinion that there were at least two persons in that first car when it stopped there."

CHAPTER IV.

A HOLDUP IN THE NIGHT.

"Tell me how you determined that tact, Patsy, and what it led you to believe, and then I will inform you about my own part of it," said the detective.

"I found a stump of a cigarette there," Patsy replied. "It had been nearly consumed; but there was enough of it left for me to decipher the initials T. H. R. upon it."

"But the cigarette stump might have been thrown into the road by any chance passer along that way at any time during the day or evening."

"It might have been; but it wasn't. The cigarette was of the sort that burn themselves out. This one would have done the same under ordinary circumstances, for the road was perfectly dry where it fell."

"What was there, then, about this circumstance, that was out of the ordinary?"

"This: The man who had smoked that cigarette had thrown it away just as the car was coming to a stop—but just before it did stop. He had dropped it, rather than thrown it, from the left side of the car. The car had moved onward two-thirds its length after the cigarette was dropped. The car had also gone a little too far over to one side of the road and was pulled back again partly into it, and one drop of cylinder oil had fallen exactly upon that cigarette just behind the fire of it."

"Putting it out, eh?"

"No; preventing it from burning out. The oil did not drop exactly on the fire of the cigarette, but just close to it. One might say that oil will not put out fire, but if you will take a lighted cigarette and drop a bit of cylinder oil upon it as I have described, you will find that it will."

"Still, how does that prove that the cigarette stump was not thrown there earlier in the day by some person other than one of the men in that car?"

"It proves it because I found another cigarette which had never been lighted, right there where the car had been standing—as if, when the party returned to that car after the holdup, the same man had paused long enough to light another cigarette, and that in taking it from its case he had inadvertently dropped another one. There was just one burned match in the roadway not far from it; a paper match; the kind that comes in the small pats of matches which are given to purchasers of cigars and cigarettes at some cigar stores."

"That unburned cigarette also contained the initials T. H. R.?"

"Yes."

"How do you demonstrate that there were at least two persons in that car? The episode of the cigarettes establishes the presence of only one."

"Two-thirds of the distance between the point where the car stopped and waited and the spot where we so nearly ran into the Crandyl, there is a place where a dog has been scratching the earth beside the road, as you have seen dogs do."

"Yes."

"The dog has thrown quite a lot of dirt into the roadway along one side of it—so that it has retained the impression of two footprints side by side; both are imprints of a right foot; one is larger and one is rather smaller than the average size; both were pointed in the same direction—that is, toward the place where the holdup occurred. The earth thrown into the roadway by the feet of the dog was fresh, and so I assumed——"

"Were there any wheel tracks of an automobile across that dirt?" questioned Nick.

"No."

"Yet, when you found it—which was before we had driven on in that direction with the other two cars—the dirt was far enough in the roadway so that a car in passing would have run over it, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Then the dog that threw the dirt into the road was with the two persons who were in that waiting car; eh?"

"Why, yes; I had not thought of that, but it must be so."

"It is so. I found the dirt at the place you speak of myself, when I went back there, but instead of two footprints upon it, there were two tire tracks across it—showing where we had left *our* marks when we drove out of the ravine. But our tire tracks had obliterated the footprints you discovered. I did not see them, although Pedro scented them, I think. Is that all?"

"I think so."

"Now, what is your conclusive deduction from all of it, Patsy? I want your opinion, just as it occurred to you then; not biased by any suggestion of mine."

"My conclusions were these: Car number one was driven to the place where it stopped and waited, and where the oil was spilled upon the road, by two persons, probably men. One of them was a large man,

the other was small—he might even have been a boy, judging from the size of his foot. The two persons in car number one knew that car number two—which was the Crandyl that we so nearly ran into—was due to pass that way at, or near, a certain hour, and they went there for the purpose of intercepting it. One of those two persons, probably the larger one, owns to the initials T. H. R., as found on the cigarettes. They drove along the road in the same direction that the expected car would take, and were probably not very far ahead of it—say fifteen or twenty minutes at the most."

"Why say that?"

"Because if there had been a longer wait there would have been more cigarettes in evidence. Cigarette smokers smoke often."

"So I have noticed. Go on."

"They must, therefore, have known almost with exactness when to expect car number two, and to have arranged their plans accordingly. As they drove along they selected a good spot for the stopping of car number two—at the bend of the road where we found it. They could have stopped it easily enough by carrying with them when they went back on foot the red tail light of their own car, and by holding it at the correct moment, so that the people in an approaching car would come upon it suddenly—just as we came upon the other one. I assume that the driver of car number two was alone in the big Crandyl."

"Why?"

"Because two persons only, a big one and a little one, were deemed sufficient for the holdup, and because I have found no reason to suppose that there was more than one."

"Go on."

"Those two returned to the bend in the road, having selected that spot for their adventure. The car approached; they showed the red light and stopped it; then they compelled the driver of it to put up his hands, and to get down, giving him no opportunity to stop his engine. He had got down, and, perhaps, they had taken a few steps forward toward him when they heard our car approaching from the same direction.

"They knew that the approaching car—ours—would be halted by car number two, or that there would be a collision and a wreck; they knew, in a word, that they would have time, and plenty of it, to get away. They realized that the people in the approaching car—ourselves—would be mystified, as we were. They counted upon that fact, and took all the advantage of it that it offered."

"That is reasonable, too."

"So, whatever their original intentions might have been, they decided then and there to take the driver of car number two away with them; they compelled him to march up the road with them, to get into car number one, and to drive away with them, abandoning car number two."

"But, Patsy, admitting that all this may be approximately correct, it tells us nothing whatever as to *why the person who was held up should be forced to go away with them.*"

"I know that," said Patsy. "But that is probably where you and Pedro come into the game."

CHAPTER V.

IMPRESSIONS IN THE DUST.

"Patsy," said the detective, smiling as he replied to the last remark of his assistant, "there were two persons in the big Crandyl touring car that was held up and then abandoned so mysteriously; and both of them were women."

"Two? And women?" Patsy questioned, in a voice full of astonishment.

"Yes. One of them acted as chauffeur and drove the car; the other sat in the back of the car, and was so frightened, or nervous, or apprehensive that she betrayed herself in several different ways regarding it. She was a small woman, rather undersized, in fact. She was richly dressed. She was, I think, in half mourning. She had a very small foot, a very small hand, black hair, dark eyes. She wore the new old-fashioned pendant earrings, and one of the pendants, probably the middle one, is missing from the one she wore in her left ear."

"How do you know——"

"Wait a moment. I'll tell you how I deduce it all, in a moment."

"Excuse me, chief, but you interest me."

"She wore long, black kid gloves, and she had pulled the right glove off and tucked it back against her wrist. She had two rings on the middle finger of her right hand, three on the third finger, and one on the little finger—and she is in the habit of biting her nails when perplexed. The other woman——"

"Wait just a moment, chief, please."

"Well?"

"I would prefer to follow you closely in this, if you are willing, so would you mind explaining these things as you go along?"

"All right. You are a married man, Patsy; did you ever know a woman who did not drop her handkerchief around on floors and any place at all, whenever there was the least excuse for doing it?"

"No; I did not."

"Also we have had rather a dusty time of it lately, haven't we? There has been no rain anywhere for quite a long time."

"That is true."

"Bear that fact in mind, for when you and I peered into that car before we took the time to examine it thoroughly, we thought that it contained nothing at all to assist us; as a matter of fact, it did hold several valuable suggestions."

"Yes; when you went at it with your torch and your magnifying glass."

"Precisely. That is what torches and magnifying glasses are for. Well, when I began to search the car

with thoroughness, it speedily began to give up information.

"I guessed that much by the way you stuck to it, and by your mental absorption just before I left you to follow along the highway to the place where I found that car number one had stopped," said Patsy.

"I found, for example," the detective continued thoughtfully, "that the dust that had settled upon that car, and inside of it, over the cushions, and everywhere that it could find a resting place, was of a peculiar quality."

"Dust of a peculiar quality?" questioned Patsy.

"Yes. It was not like road dust, and I speedily came to the conclusion that it was not road dust. It was gray dust, rather than white; if it had been the latter, it would have suggested the dust of plaster of Paris. Can you guess what I decided it to be?"

"Cement, eh? Portland cement, for example."

"Cement, at least; yes; and not such cement dust as could have been picked up, or blown into the car merely in passing a locality where cement is being ground. That car had been standing for quite a long time near such a place, and it had been dusted out, too, before the car came away from that place."

"Why, in that case I don't see——"

"I know what you would say; but I'll interrupt you to say this: That very fact made the consequences of what happened afterward all the more plainly apparent."

"What do you mean?"

"The car had been standing for a long time where such dust as I have described was flying in quantities. It was dusted—hurriedly, I should say—preparatory to using it. But the air about there was filled with the dust. Another, but a lighter coating of it, settled down at once upon the places that had been dusted. This was supplied by the particles of it that were constantly flying about there, and by a second settling of the very dust that had been disturbed. It created a condition that was as ready to receive impressions as is a pane of window glass when you blow your breath upon it."

"I understand. It was the quality of dust, and the thin coating of it not distinctly noticeable, that did that."

"Precisely, and the very first discovery that I made when I began a thorough examination of that car, interiorally and exteriorally, was the dust, the condition of it, and the quality of it. If I had made use of a gray talc, and had shot it with a blowpipe all over that car, inside and out, it could not have produced an effect more to my purposes."

"I can understand that, chief."

"The consequence was that I proceeded with great care from that moment. I was extremely careful not to touch anything, not to rest so much as a finger of my hand upon a spot on that car or in it, until after I had thoroughly examined that spot. That is why it occupied me so long a time. You will remember that while you were there we both approached the car from the same side, and that neither of us had been to the opposite side of it at all."

"Yes."

"Well, I began at that side. You had grasped the top of the door of the car when you leaned over it to look inside; so had I. Our marks were plainly visible—and as plainly recognizable. That was the left side of the car, if you remember. There was just one other mark in the dust on the top of that door of the car that was recognizable, besides our own marks. It was made by one small, gloved, left hand, and was far back toward the hinge side of the door. If there had been other marks there, you and I had obliterated them.

"I next turned the handle and opened the door; neither you nor I had done that before you went away.

"When I opened the door, something fell out upon the ground at my feet. I picked it up and found it to be a woman's handkerchief—a dainty, lace affair, and expensive. One of those filmy things that women call handkerchiefs and which cost an extravagant sum to purchase."

"Where did it fall from?"

"It had evidently been caught exactly beneath the door. Being so small and so fine in texture it had lent itself to the space that had held it. In a word, it was just caught beneath the door in such a manner that the woman inside the car could not see a shred of it. There isn't any doubt that she dropped it when she was getting into the car—just as there isn't any doubt that when she got out of the car at that place where we found it, she used the opposite door."

"Well, what then?"

"When I opened the door and leaned inside the car, I first threw my light everywhere around it, but perceiving nothing to rivet my attention at the moment, I gave it to the floor of the car, which, you may have noticed, was covered by a smooth, tan-colored rug.

"The glass showed up two footprints in the dust on that rug, Patsy, which were easily seen by the aid of it. That is, there was the whole of one footprint and the half of another one. The footprints were made by a woman's shoe."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE CASE.

"You see," the detective continued, "a woman had occupied the rear seat at the right side of the car. Of course, the dust on the rug at that side was all marked and marred until there was no making anything out of it save that the woman had shuffled her feet about constantly. She had tapped and scuffled them all the time evidently; that was one of the indications of her nervous apprehension that I have referred to."

"That is good reasoning," said Patsy.

"When the car was halted in the road down there in the ravine, the woman in the back seat started to

her feet, and her first impulse was apparently to leap from the car at the opposite side; that is where I found the two footprints I have spoken of—both of the left foot; the half of one imprint and the whole of the other. But the imprint is very small and shapely. The foot that wore the shoe that made it must have belonged to a small woman.

"That rear seat is made to accommodate three persons as you know—it is a seven-passenger car; consequently there was a great deal of room to the left of this small woman, for she sat close to the right side.

"There were a great many marks in the dust on that leather-covered cushion, and I was at great pains, and I consumed a great deal of time in deciphering them properly; but I think I did it.

"For one thing, I became assured that she had not removed the glove from one hand; another, that she kept the index finger of it constantly in motion—another indication of her nervous fears. She made the capital letter B, over and over again, backward, with that finger. One B was over another one, so that at first I could not make out what the letter was at all. But it was a B. Then there was 'ryan,' in small letters, written with the left hand.

"I do not think that she intended forming letters in the dust; I do not believe that she realized that the dust was there to receive and retain impressions of what she did. I am of the opinion that she merely formed the letter of a name that was constantly in her mind."

"Oh! Subconsciously, you mean?"

"Yes."

"And the name was Ryan?"

"No, Bryan. She wrote the full name out only once, you see; the balance of the time she made only the initial letter of it."

"So you read Bryan from it. I understand."

"There were many other marks there of the same sort—in a general way, I mean—but I could make nothing of them."

"What about the black hair and dark eyes and half mourning, and all that?"

"Well, one of the small things that I found on the cushion—and it had alighted on top of some of the marks upon the dust, was a single hair out of an eyebrow; if it had dropped there before she made the marks on the dust, she would have brushed it away, don't you see?"

"Yes; but all the same it may have been blown back there from the woman who you say drove the car."

"I shall have demonstrated to you presently that it did not."

"Oh, all right."

"The hair from the eyebrow was long, coarse, and very black—of the texture and character of persons who have very black hair; that kind of black hair which goes with black, or very dark, eyes. There was no coloring matter on the hair, either."

"What about the pendant earrings, and the missing pendant from the left one—and why the middle pendant?" Patsy asked.

"I found the pendant where it had worked its way beneath one of the buttons in the upholstery of the cushion, and it was the middle one, because it was so very long. Even with earrings that had unusually long pendants, the side ones would scarcely have been as long as that one—so it must have come from the middle. It came from the left ear, because it had fallen on the left side of her. I assumed that she was in half mourning because the pendant was of jet—and because I picked up thirteen jet beads of different sizes which must have dropped from the trimmings of some part of her clothing.

"Her gloves were black, of course, if she was otherwise in black. They were long, because I found imprints in the dust on both sides of her of the wrinkles in the arms of them. I know by the marks in the dust that she did not remove the left one; I know that she must have tucked the hand of the right glove back inside the arm of it, because if she had permitted it to hang down it would have left its blur upon the other marks.

"Once she seized upon one of the braces of the top where the dust was very thick and firm, and she left there the imprint of every finger of her right hand, showing the rings on the second, third, and fourth fingers. I suppose now that you want to know how I determined that she bites her nails."

"Yes, if you don't mind."

"You must remember that I was searching with a glass that is nearly as powerful as some forms of microscope."

"I do."

"Well, I found a tiny piece of a finger nail on the floor of the car. It had been torn down into the very quick of the finger, and there was a tiny speck of blood upon it. It suggested that she had bitten at it and pulled at it with her teeth until it bothered her, and had then deliberately torn it away and spat it out; but the nail itself showed that it had been bitten and bitten, before that. Under the glass that was plainly to be seen."

"Well, all that is passably clear now. What did you mean by the reference to the losing of handkerchiefs a little while ago?"

"I have already told you about the handkerchief under the door of the car on the side where she got into it, at starting out on that trip. There was still another handkerchief, exactly like the first one as to quality, but not so as to design, tucked solidly into the upholstery between the seat and the end of the seat, at the right side of where she had been sitting. There were three tiny spots of blood upon it, not one of them larger than the head of an ordinary pin."

"From biting her lips, perhaps?"

"No; rather from the finger from which she tore away the piece of nail that I have told you about."

"I see."

"And there was still another handkerchief."

"What! Three of them?"

"One of them, mind you, must have been lost when she entered the car, and the loss discovered before the car started away with her, but after the door had been closed. The handkerchief could not be seen, then, so—well, what would have been her natural assumption in such an event?"

"That she had forgotten to bring the handkerchief out to the car with her."

"Certainly; and she would send back into the house—or wherever she came from—to get it; and the person who was sent for it, not being able to find it, would take another one out to her. There you account for two of the handkerchiefs, don't you?"

"Yes."

"She was nervous and excited, worried and afraid, and so she held the handkerchief in her hand. There was no wind stirring, to be sure, but the motion of the car created one, so when she wanted to put the handkerchief aside, she tucked it down beside her, away from the created draft; and when they were held up on the road, it was forgotten. That accounts for the second one, doesn't it?"

"I think so. What about the third one?"

"The third one was on the front seat—that particular front seat that is under the steering wheel. It was tucked into the upholstery, out of the wind, too; and it had its own story to tell."

"I don't suppose you determined by that handkerchief alone that the occupant of that seat was a woman, did you?"

"No; there were other reasons, although at a pinch that one would be almost sufficient to my way of thinking; but with other facts, it settled it."

"I'd like to hear about that other woman now," said Patsy.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DARING OF TWO WOMEN.

"The other woman—the one who drove the car—was a blonde, Patsy," said the detective. "There are several things to prove that. I know that women do not as a rule sow their hairpins around for other people to find, but there are conditions where they may became dislodged, and fall from the hair into which they had been stuck.

"For instance, if I had found only one such pin—of the golden-hued variety, made to match hair of that character—I might have thought little of it; I might have supposed that it had been dropped at some previous time. But I found four."

"Four!" exclaimed Patsy.

"Yes; all of them of the celluloid variety, which I suppose, because of their smoothness, are easily dislodged. Taken in conjunction with the handkerchief they seemed to prove conclusively that the person in that front seat under the steering wheel was a woman. They proved to me, too, that the woman had done her hair up hastily at the top of her head, pinning it there as best she could in a great hurry, in order that she might pull a chauffeur's cap down over her eyes, thus concealing her hair, and hiding from a chance observer the fact that she was a woman.

"Again, somewhere along the road after they started, she—the driver—was compelled to get down from her seat. I think they must have passed some sort of a store that was yet open for business, and that the woman in the rear wanted something which the other one went after in the store. A bottle of smelling salts, for instance—anything at all which a drug store would keep."

"But——"

"In returning to the car from the store—we will call it a store—she stepped into some ashes that had been thrown into the street, and those ashes were moist. Probably some boys had built a fire there, and had afterward thrown water upon it. At all events she tracked the ashes into the car when she reëntered it, and she tracked them in with one foot only, the left one; but she lifted that foot directly into the car from the ashes, showing that it was the last step she took with that foot outside the car. The imprint was a perfect one under the glass. I measured it, and even drew a diagram of it on the back of a large envelope I had in my pocket."

"On the back of an envelope?"

"Yes; and that fact of itself will tell you how small a foot it must have been to have made a track so small."

"It might have been the foot of a child."

"It was the foot of a child, or of a very small woman. So you see the discovery of the handkerchief which had been tucked between the crevice of the upholstery for safety, and the finding of the golden-hued hairpins and the imprint of that small foot pretty well established the driver of the car as a woman, or a young girl—and I incline to the latter idea.

"Also, in that front seat I found a quantity of little particles of dried mud."

"Now you're getting off your trolley, for there isn't any mud anywhere, and there has not been, for days and days."

"I know; but it carries out my theory just the same."

"What theory?"

"That the driver of the car was a woman or a girl who had temporarily made herself appear to be a man by tucking her blond hair into a chauffeur's cap, and by putting on a coat or a duster that belonged to a man—and by a man who had last used that coat when the going was muddy."

Patsy nodded.

"Are you satisfied now?" the detective asked him.

"Quite. Your discoveries seem to prove all that you have said about it."

"Yes. The woman in the rear seat was dark; she was richly dressed; she was nervous and frightened; she had found the necessity for escaping from some place; she had determined to take that car in making her escape, whether it was her own or not—and she

induced the other one to go with her to drive the car, instead of taking the regular chauffeur. And the other one fixed herself up quickly; she tucked her blond hair up on top of her head; she availed herself of the regular chauffeur's cap and coat to hide her own femininity—and she drove the car."

"It seems to me that we are neglecting one thing, chief."

"What is that?"

"How does it happen that the license numbers on the car had been removed?"

"Oh, I had not forgotten that; it was one of the first questions I tried to answer; but the answer did not come clearly until I had rounded out these others."

"Well, what was the answer when you found it?" Patsy asked.

"I had to use my imagination a little bit, building it upon what I had already determined."

"Yes."

"Assuming that the brunette was the active principal in this affair, and that she was determined to escape from something that threatened her, and to do it at all hazards; assuming that she rushed to the other one and told her what she had determined to do; assuming that the blonde was her sister, her very good friend, or a faithful servant; assuming that Miss Brunette cried out to Miss Blonde something like this: 'We must get away from here; we must escape; there is only one way; the car; and you can drive it; we will make our escape so, and you shall drive me, and when we have done with the car we can abandon it;' and assuming that Miss Blonde assented, we are brought to the natural conclusion that when Miss Blonde went after the car, to take it out of its shed, or its garage, it instantly occurred to her that the car, if abandoned, would be traced at once to its owner by its license number."

Patsy nodded.

"So, while she was tucking up her hair and rearranging the pins in it to hold it upon the top of her head, and while she was donning the cap and the coat of a man, she either saw in that place, or remembered some old license tags from which the old and useless numbers had been painted out. So she removed the license numbers, or replaced them with the blanks."

"Anyhow," said Patsy, "the blanks were there where the numbers should have been. But that is a minor circumstance, anyhow, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Now, where does Pedro come into the game?"

"Right here."

"Tell me about that part of it."

"You see I had arrived at all the conclusions I have just mentioned before we drove the two cars up here to the house. I did not want to discuss them with you because they were not all entirely clear in my mind. I wanted to think them out a little more definitely before I talked about them. And I did not then know anything about that other car which you have referred to as car number one, at that time. All that I had to direct me were the assumptions that two women had occupied that car; that for some unknown reason they had abandoned it, and that we had not been able to find a trace of where they had gone to; and I knew that up to the time you disappeared up the road, leaving me seated upon the step of car number two between the mud guards, *you* had found nothing definite, or you would have told me of it."

"Of course."

"Well, I thought then of Pedro. I knew that if I put him in the rear seat of the car, he would get the scent of the woman who had occupied it from the handkerchief, and from her presence there, and I knew that his nose would tell me where she had gone after she left the car, unless she had been lifted out of it."

"That is one thing a dog knows more about than a man, isn't it?"

"So I took Pedro back there in the car."

CHAPTER VIII.

A PECULIAR STICK PIN.

"You know better than anybody else how humanly wise Pedro is. You know that he seems to understand clearly nearly everything that is said to him," the detective continued. "When I opened the door of that car and told him to jump inside, and had closed it after him, I pointed toward the handkerchief—the one with the three specks of blood upon it, and which I had been very careful not to handle much—and I gave him the usual command to find the scent.

"When I got back down there and opened the door of the car for him to get out, all I said to him was: 'Find her, Pedro!'

"He began his usual process—you know what that is as well as I do; and it was not long before he gave voice to say that he had found the trail. I tell you, Patsy, that bell-like note of Pedro's, when he discovers what he is looking for, is about the most intelligent thing that a dumb brute can do. It tells one so much."

"It certainly does."

"He started away at once. I did not hold him in leash, but I checked him with a word or two when he would have gone too fast for me. Well, he took me up the road, and ultimately we arrived at the place where car number one had been halted."

Patsy nodded.

"There I made practically the same discoveries that you did, only not quite as much, for I did not go into them as closely as you did; but there was another thing that happened before we got to the place where the first car had been waiting."

"What was that?"

"On the way up there, when we were about half the distance, Pedro came to a halt. He raised his head and uttered that low, murmuring, half-whimpering note that tells us when he is puzzled by something.

"I watched him, and I knew by his actions that the trail divided just there; I knew by the way he was acting that it seemed to go two ways; that one was straight ahead, and the other one off to the right—and I knew by the condition of the woods at the right-hand side of the road that the trail could not go very far in that direction before the thickness of the growth of trees would stop it; so I stepped off a few paces in that direction, and said:

"'This way, old fellow!'

"He darted to the side of the road at once, and penetrated perhaps ten feet into the bushes and branches there—and then he uttered a cry which told me that he had found something. You can well believe that I lost no time in getting there."

"And you found—what?"

"This."

The detective drew from his pocket a small, black bag, beaded with jet, such as a woman might carry with her to contain her purse and a handkerchief. Patsy reached out a hand to take it, but the detective withdrew it with a shake of his head.

"I'll tell you about it in a moment," he said. "There isn't much in it. It is what is on the outside of it that interests me, particularly in the light of the initials you found on the cigarettes that one of those men of car number one was smoking."

"Well?"

"There is a monogram here, Patsy. It is plainly enough composed of the letters C. L. R. The last letter you will observe is the same as the last of the three letters on the cigarettes.

"When Pedro and I came back out from among the trees, he took the straight trail again which ultimately took us to the spot where the other car had been waiting; and it stopped there. So I figured it out that while the two women were being conducted up the road by their captors, the dark one had broken away from the man who was probably holding her by the arm, had darted away from him and among the trees, in a frantic effort to escape; that he had followed her and seized her, and that she had dropped the bag—unnoticed by either of them. That then he had taken her back again into the road, and to the waiting car. But there was one other thing that was dropped there."

"What was that?"

"A stick pin from a man's tie. I think that in the short struggle the man and the woman had there, which probably did not last half a second, she must have dislodged the pin, somehow. It is of a very curious design. I have never seen another one like it. Here it is."

Patsy took the stick pin in his hand and examined it closely. It was of gold, and was not as large as the description of it would make it appear to be. It was fashioned in the form of a heart that had been broken apart down through the middle of it, the fracture being represented by a jagged line of black enamel which passed through it in the form that is familiar to all as representing a stroke of lightning; and this strip of black enamel was set with three rubies and two diamonds, all small and inexpensive ones. But the design of it was unmistakable.

"It is a broken heart, all right," said Patsy, as he passed it back again to the detective.

"There is no doubt of that," said Nick, taking it and returning it to his pocketbook.

"Do you regard it as significant in any way?" Patsy asked.

"Yes; in one way. There probably is not another pin like it in the world. It is a pin that was made to order for somebody. There isn't any mark on it to tell who did make it, but all the same it ought to be traced without very much trouble."

"I think so."

"Well, Patsy, that is all."

"Pedro didn't make any more discoveries for you, eh?"

"Oh, he told me in his own satisfactory way that the woman he had been trailing had got into that waiting car and had been taken away in it; and, of course, the other one whom I have called Miss Blonde went with her."

"What do you make out of all of it, chief?"

"I don't know. That is what I am talking it all over with you for—to see what our united effort can succeed in making out of it."

"Do you consider that there is a possible crime concealed here, somewhere?"

"Patsy, the only thing that I am considering just now is that it is a most interesting puzzle; the whole affair, as we discovered it, from start to finish. It affects me exactly as a new problem in chess would affect me: I want to work it out."

"Well, let's do it."

"I'm going to do it; and you are going to help me."

"Good!" cried Patsy.

"And the very first thing to do is to drive that abandoned car back to the city, and to the New York agency of the company that manufactured it. A car like that one, that is practically new, can be traced without license numbers."

CHAPTER IX.

A BUNCH OF CLEWS.

"If we stop a moment to consider things carefully," said the detective, "we find that there are several very good clews for us to follow up, in working out this apparent mystery. I have already attended to one of them."

"You have?" exclaimed Patsy. "What one?"

"The ashes."

"The—what?"

"I have just told you that I found in the front part of the car the imprint of a very small feminine foot that had rested upon some damp ashes the last thing before it was lifted into the car."

"Yes."

"Well, even before I got into my bath this morning after I returned, I called up police headquarters in New York. I remembered that it was Savarin's night on at the office, and it being before six o'clock, I knew that I would catch him there."

"But what——"

"Patsy, we feel assured that the car containing the two women stopped somewhere, while it was on the way to the place where it was intercepted. It's a hundred to one shot, I think, that the stop was made at a drug store. Two women wouldn't be apt to stop at a gin mill, and a drug store was about the only place they would have found open, in leaving the city at that hour."

"Yes."

"So they stopped for one of two purposes: either to make some sort of a purchase, or to use the telephone."

"Yes."

"I asked Savarin to send out a call to every precinct station house in the city and outskirts of it, to have reported to him any bonfire that was started last night directly in front of any drug store; a bonfire that was extinguished with water thrown on it. Some officer may have seen it, and will remember it, no matter how trivial, when he is asked about it. Savarin has probably found out where it was, by this time."

"But what of that?"

"I asked Savarin to go to the place as soon as he found out where it was—and you know, without my taking the trouble to repeat them, what sort of inquiries I asked him to make."

"Is Savarin going to telephone to you here?"

"No. He'll keep what he gets till I see him in town. Now, I'm going to send you back to town with the Crandyl car, and I need not tell you what you are to do."

"No."

"Just trace that car, somehow. As the Scotchman said to his son when he sent him after a fish for breakfast one Sunday morning, 'Get it honestly if you can; but get it.'"

"I understand."

"I don't think you will find any difficulty in finding out to whom that car belongs. If it is not the property of somebody who is interested in the manufacture of Portland cement, I miss my guess. After you find out who is the owner of the car, the next thing is to discover where that car was located up to a late hour last evening."

"I will do so," said Patsy.

"While you are on these points, keep in mind the cigarettes with the initials T. H. R., and the black-beaded bag with the initials C. L. R. You may have occasion to ask some few questions about them. Also, the 'broken-heart' stick pin. If the people at the automobile agency, where you make inquiries, can tell you at once about the owner of the car, just find out if anybody there has ever noticed that odd stick pin.

"Also, all the time, bear in mind the tracings of those letters I found in the dust in the car. The letter B, and the name Bryan, or any name that approaches it, although I believe that the name of Bryan is a large element in this affair somewhere."

"The name of the woman who made the letters in the dust, perhaps."

"No. I don't think that, Patsy."

"What then?"

"The name of a person she was thinking about; the name of the person she was trying to escape, or the name of the person to whom she was escaping—and as likely one as the other.

"If that Crandyl car was sold from the New York agency, they will know there what business the purchaser was engaged in. Possibly it was cement."

"Yes."

"And keep in mind all the other things we have discussed, so that you can ask any questions about them that occur to you. That's all. You can't get started too quickly now."

"You are going back in your car?"

"Yes. I will leave within a few minutes after you start."

"Chief, what do you honestly expect to uncover in this business?"

"Patsy, I haven't any more idea about that than you have. I only know that it interests me, and that I don't like to be puzzled by a thing of this sort without finding out all about it if I have the time. Just now I have the time, and I'm going to find out. But I will say this: If there isn't some sort of a crime somewhere behind all this, there is one in front of it."

"In contemplation, you mean?"

"Perhaps more than merely in contemplation; perhaps one that was avoided only by the flight of those two women through the dark last night—and, therefore, only deferred until there is another and a better opportunity."

"Have you thought what relations those two women may have borne to each other?"

"I have already mentioned friends, sisters, or mistress and maid."

"Why not mother and daughter?"

"As likely as not, Patsy."

"I am wondering if the one you have referred to as Miss Blonde could have gone so far in creating the disguise she wore as to have donned trousers as well as cap and coat of a chauffeur?"

"Savarin will probably discover about that."

"I am also wondering about another thing that I would like to suggest to you before I start away, chief."

"Well?"

"I can, from memory, locate several localities where cement is ground near the city."

"Yes; well?"

"Why not, before you start away, telephone to Chick to look them up? By using the Crandyl car as a basis of inquiry, he may be able to unearth something of value."

"I have already decided to do that, Patsy."

"And the stick pin? Can't we anticipate the search for the manufacturer of that?"

"I'll think about that," replied the detective; but he left his chair and crossed to the mirror over the mantel; and he removed his own pin from his tie and replaced it by the pin of the broken heart.

"I'd like to know the significance of that design," said Patsy; but he turned and left the room without waiting for a reply to the remark; but all that Nick Carter said in reply was:

"So would I."

CHAPTER X.

THE PLACE OF THE BONFIRE.

Before Nick Carter drove away from Pinetop in his car he wrote down in his little book—not for reference particularly, but to fix them in his mind—the following items:

The cigarettes. The black-beaded bag. The two sets of initials. B-ryan. The three handkerchiefs. The broken-heart stick pin. The new Model U Crandyl car. The wet ashes. The drug store. Telephone, or purchase. The dried particles of mud. The black eyebrow. The cement and the dust of it. The torn finger nail. The shape of the very small foot in the front part of the car outlined in wet ashes. The possible relation of the two women to each other.

Then he did another thing.

He laid upon the table in front of him the envelope upon which he had made a careful tracing of the footprint inside the car, after the woman had stepped in the wet ashes. Then he took a sharp-pointed pen and some ink, and made a careful drawing of the shape of the sole of that little boot; and he knew how to make it quite perfectly to fit his ideas.

The average person, man or woman, buys shoes here and there and everywhere that suits; but the woman of fashion invariably purchases hers at one place—and you may be sure that the clerk who waits upon that woman, or the proprietor of the place, knows exactly what shoes that woman uses, and which last she likes the best.

Ergo—if the right dealer was found, he would be able from the shape of that shoe as so carefully drawn in ink by the detective, to determine what last it was made from, what size it was, what the style of it was, and he would know the name of every customer who used that size and shape; that last, in other words. And then there was always the chance that it *might have been made from an individual last.*

When he was finally ready to start away, he called Pedro to him and invited him to sit on the seat beside him; and the grand old dog looked up into his master's face intelligently, as if he understood perfectly well that he might be called upon again to use the extraordinary scent that he possessed.

The road through the ravine where the abandoned car had been found the preceding night led into the Boston Post Road, which leads directly into New York City, as everybody who has traveled that way knows.

Nick slowed down and drove slowly and cautiously for a long time after he had passed the spot where the car had been abandoned, scanning each side of the way as he went onward; but, after a time, he advanced the speed again, and went at a good clip.

"There is nothing to be found out here," was his thought; and so he came to the city.

Arrived there he drove straight to his own home, where he found Savarin from the central office awaiting him.

"By Jove! that was good of you, Savarin, to come directly here and wait for me," he said, as he shook hands with his friend. "It means, of course, that you have found out the place where that car stopped last night, that I telephoned to you about."

"Yes," Savarin replied. "But what is it all about, Nick? No crime has been reported down at headquarters, and I have discovered nothing that seems of importance."

"Let me understand first what you have discovered, and then I will answer your question," said the detective.

"Well, I did as you asked. I sent out a call to each station house to find the bonfire in front of a drug store; a bonfire that had been wet down, you know."

"Yes."

"Officer Neeley, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station—Thirty-sixth Precinct, as you know—had found such an extinguished fire, only it was not in front of a drug store; but I don't suppose that small fact made any difference, did it, so long as the thing was found?"

"No. Go on."

"There is a little restaurant on Broadway, near Manhattan Street, close to the subway station. The fire had been there. You can see the remains of the wet ashes there now, Nick, if you care to look at them."

"I don't. Go on."

"Well, last night, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, a big car stopped in front of that restaurant. A young chap who was driving the car—he looked like a young boy, they say, with a coat and a cap on him that were much too big, and he had his face pretty well hidden behind a huge pair of chauffeur's goggles—went into the restaurant and asked if he could use the telephone. It's a very small restaurant, and it happened that there wasn't a single customer in the place at the time, so the proprietor had a good chance to observe the young chap."

"Yes? Well, just what did the proprietor say about it?"

"He said that he thought it was a boy all right until the lad found it difficult to handle the telephone receiver with gauntlets on that were much too big for him; so he removed one of them—and, in doing so, he showed a very white, very small hand that had a

lot of rings on it; and was not at all the hand of a boy. In fact, the supposed boy was a girl—so the proprietor says."

"I knew that already; but go on, please."

"The proprietor could not remember what the call was, save that the exchange was Audubon; he thinks that the number was—ten-twenty-twenty."

"Did he hear what was said over the telephone? That is the important part at the present moment."

"He heard one end of what was said."

"I didn't expect that he could hear both ends of it."

"The girl-boy, or boy-girl, whichever you please, got her number, and then she said—I have written down what she said. I'll read it to you."

"Go ahead."

"She said: 'Hello; is that you, Dan? You recognize my voice, don't you? I am in a restaurant on Broadway, near Manhattan Street. Why, of course, she is with me. No, she is in the car at the door, waiting; she can't speak with you. It is all too terrible, Dan. She couldn't bear it any longer; nor could I. I don't know, Dan. I can't say. He will find it out soon enough if he hasn't done so already. The man is crazy, Dan; worse than a maniac. I must hurry, for Cora is anxious. She is frightened almost to death. So am I, for that matter, but I've got more nerve than she has. All right, Dan; will you make haste and meet us? Yes; we will go directly there. It is the only safe place for the present. Two hours—maybe three. I don't know. Do, Dan; please do; and hurry.'

"What about that number? Have you made any inquiries about that?"

"Yes. I think it is the correct one. The other numbers that it might have been, which sound like that one, are private phones that do not fill the bill to suit the occasion; that one is semipublic."

"What is it, and where is it?"

"It's the number of a telephone in a boathouse on the Harlem River, near Spuyten Duyvel. I haven't had time to go there yet; but I will if you wish me to do so."

CHAPTER XI.

HUNTING IN THE DARK.

"Yes, Savarin," replied the detective, "I would like you to go there at once, as soon as we have finished our talk together. You know now pretty nearly what time that call was made. Find out who Dan may happen to be."

"I'll do it at once. Does the one-sided conversation that I have pieced together from what was told me by the proprietor of the restaurant help any?"

"Some. I don't know how much, yet. It suggests that the two women in the car had a definite goal somewhere, and that they wanted the fellow, Dan, to meet them there, wherever it may be."

"Yes."

"And it established pretty thoroughly that the two were running away from something or from somebody, doesn't it?"

"That is my view of it; only you must not forget that you have not put me wise to the particulars of this affair, yet."

"I am after your opinion about some things in connection with it before you are put wise, Savarin."

"Oh! All right."

"Of course you got a description of the girl from the man in the restaurant?"

"Yes; a fair one. I find that the usual run of mankind is not at all good at giving offhand descriptions of people they have seen."

"Did the man see both of them, Savarin? Tell me that first."

"Yes. The manner and all that of the girl who telephoned, and the fact that she was wearing a man's clothes——"

"Wait; a man's clothes throughout? Trousers and all?"

"I think so. He thought so."

"Go on."

"That fact and all of it taken together aroused the curiosity of the man in the restaurant, so that when she went out after telephoning, he followed after her—just to get a look at the other one."

"Well? Give me the description as well as you can do so."

"The girl who telephoned was—he thought when he considered it—not more than seventeen or eighteen years old, and might have been even younger. She had on a chauffeur's raincoat that was many sizes too large for her, and it was pretty thoroughly spattered with mud—a kind of reddish mud, he said."

"Yes; that fits. Go on."

"She had on a chauffeur's cap, which was also much too big for her. It was pulled way down over her eyes when she entered the place, but she had to shove it back a little while she was there. In doing so, she exposed enough of her hair for him to tell that it was golden-blond. She wore big goggles, and she kept them on all the time she was there, so he could not see much of her face—just the lower part of it, but he is of the opinion that she is pretty. He noticed, too, that she had a surprisingly small foot. He thought she wore trousers, but was not certain of that, because the coat was so long for her that it dragged on the floor. He did see her left hand, as I have said, and the fingers of that hand were covered with rings—and good ones, too. She was also a small person, rather undersized for the age he gave. That's all about her."

"You say that he followed her out when she left the restaurant?"

"Yes; and got just a glimpse of the other one."

"What about her?"

"She was much older—but she also had on goggles which concealed the upper part of her face. She was dressed in black. He did not see a touch of color anywhere about her. Her hair, he is sure, was

very black, and he thinks she must have had black eyes to match. The lower part of her face was very white, although that might have appeared so only by contrast; but he got the impression that she was frightened, or sick, or both. He says that she had a peculiarly deep contralto voice, as if she were a singer, although he was of the opinion that she was a small person, too, like the other one."

"But older, eh; and he heard her speak?"

"Yes, to both."

"What did she say?"

" 'Hurry—hurry, please hurry, Alice.' "

"So we have the two given names, at least. Cora and Alice."

"Yes."

"What else?"

"Nothing, only that the blond girl sprang into the seat under the wheel and started the car as if she was an expert. He saw them swing around the corner into Manhattan Street, bound eastward. The car——"

"I know all about the car. I've got that, Savarin."

"Then I'm off after that telephone end of it, Nick."

"Good luck to you!" cried Carter.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STICK-PIN CLEW.

Nick delayed long enough after the departure of Savarin to give Chick his assignment and send him to trace out the ownership of the small shoe that had left its imprint in ashes in the front part of the Crandyl car. He was given the drawing that Nick had made, and was told to find the name and the address of the person to whom that shoe had been sold.

Nick Carter himself went to one of New York's largest jewelry stores.

He was *persona grata* at the great jewelry establishment on Fifth Avenue, and he presently found one of the assistant managers, who was the man he wanted; and he took the stick pin from his tie and passed it to his friend.

"Cooke, I know perfectly well that this concern did not make that design—did not manufacture that pin—but I had an idea that you could tell me, by looking at it, who did make it. Can you?" the detective said at once.

Mr. Cooke took the pin, examined it closely, turned it over in his hand, and then led the way to the watch-repairing department where he borrowed a glass and again examined the stick pin. Then he gave it back to Nick with this remark:

"Put it back in your tie, Nick, and then tell me what it is that you really want to know."

"I have already told you that," the detective replied, readjusting the pin.

"Are you sure?" his friend asked, smiling at him. "The pin isn't yours, is it?"

"No," replied the detective.

"Well, is the name of the man who made it what you want really to find out—or is it the name of the man who owned it, or who owns it?"

"That, of course; but I supposed that I would have to trace that out through the manufacturer."

"I couldn't have told you who made the pin—till just now; but I have known the pin by sight a long time, and have often wondered where it was made," was the slow reply. "But I could have told you the name of the owner, the moment I saw it. He has bragged to me often enough that there isn't another one like it in existence. I noticed it in your tie the moment I saw you, and—well, you can't blame me for wondering how it came to be in your possession. It was made by one of our old workmen, who has been out of our employ for some time now, but who——"

"Oh, I don't care anything about all that now. You know the man who owns the pin?"

"Yes—Thaddeus Ryan. I don't suppose you know him, do you?"

"No. Who and what and where is he? In as few words as it will require to tell me."

"A millionaire—by inheritance. A member of my club. A handsome chap, thirty years old, or less. He's well named, too, for he's about the 'wisest' chap I ever knew. That's what the name Thaddeus means, isn't it? As to where he is—well, let me see—at this hour of the day he should be about taking his breakfast; he usually breakfasts about luncheon time—or later."

"Where does he breakfast? Tell me that."

"At the club; The Prowlers."

"Good! Much obliged." Nick was in the act of turning away when he thought of another question he might ask, and he wheeled about and shot it at his friend. "Who is Dan?" he asked.

"Eh? Dan who? Bryan?"

"Yes," replied Nick. "Dan Bryan. That fits the case. Who is he?"

"Dan Bryan is the homeliest man and the best fellow in the world, Nick; and that goes as it lies, too. What do you want to know about him?"

"Everything. Everything that you can tell me about him in five seconds of time, for that is about all that I can afford you just now. But, first of all, I want to know where he can be found."

"Where he can be found? Probably on board his house boat, for that is where he spends the greater part of his time. He's a book crank, a book writer, and a good fellow. He——"

"Where is the house boat?"

"Somewhere in the Harlem River, up Kingsbridge way. The name of the boat is *Utopia*. He has a telephone. I have the number of it jotted down somewhere."

"I'll look it up when I want it. Tell me something about the man. Is he a bachelor?"

"Yes. I don't know how to tell you about him, Nick, except to say everything that is good and nice. He's a thoroughly good chap—a gentleman clear through. One of the real sort who strikes you as

never having had an unholy thought in his life; and yet, it doesn't get on your nerves, either. He hasn't the aggressive kind of goodness; it's the real thing. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes. Now, Cooke, do me a favor, will you?"

"Sure. How much?"

"I'm not joking, Cooke. I'm going to run away from you now. Look up that telephone number of Dan Bryan's, and call him up. Say to him that I am very anxious to meet him—if you succeed in getting him. Tell him that I am going from here directly to the Prowlers—I assume that he is also a member there?"

"Yes."

"Don't mention the other fellow—Ryan—in this connection. Are they friends?"

"Well, not exactly. They are the sort of friends who speak pleasantly when they meet, and who thoroughly despise each other always; one of them for the other fellow's good qualities, and the other—well, for the very opposite reason. See?"

"Yes."

"What else?"

"Ask Dan Bryan, as a favor to you, to drop everything and go to the club as quickly as he can get there to meet me. Will you do that?"

"Yes; only he'll want to know what it's all about."

"I'll tell him that when I see him—and you can fix that part of it. And now, while you are at it, write something on the back of one of your own cards that will give me the run of the club for an hour or so after I get there. Make it Felix Parsons, of Boston, and then tell Bryan to ask for Parsons."

"But there may be people there who know you, Nick. There probably will be."

"Never mind that. They won't know how I got in; and they won't ask to see the card. I don't care about that, once I am inside where I can walk around and talk to people; and there won't be many there now."

The very first thing that the detective did when he arrived at the Prowlers and had exhibited the card to the proper official, was to use the telephone to tell Joseph where he could be communicated with for the next hour or so. Then he summoned one of the club attendants to him, and asked:

"Have you seen Mr. Ryan anywhere about?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Do you think that he is in the club?"

"I don't think that either of them are in the club just now, sir. Mr. P. I. is usually down before this time, and he has roomed here permanently since—some time ago, sir. But I suppose it was Mr. T. H. that you were asking for."

"Yes," said Nick, "although either of them would do." Cooke had evidently not thought it worth while to explain that there were two Ryans. The attendant was turning away, but Nick detained him. "Find out for me if either or both of them are in the club," he said. "Let me know as soon as you can."

The detective strolled into the big lounging room that overlooks the park and seated himself at one of the windows. It happened that there were only two other men in that room at the time, but that still another one—a man of enormous size, who was big of feet and hands and arms and shoulders and of voice as well—entered just after him and moved quickly across the room toward him.

"Are you Mr. Parsons?" his big voice boomed at Nick. "You happen to be the only one I can find whom I don't know. Wally Cooke just phoned to me; said he'd been trying to get me at the boat and then found me here; said"—and he lowered his voice—"that it was something about Ryan's stick pin, which I see you are wearing. I'm Dan Bryan, and I—well, I happen to be especially interested to know what you may have to tell me about Thad Ryan."

Nick Carter seized the outstretched hand, inside of which his own was almost lost, and shook it heartily. He already liked this giant with the homely, but thoroughly kindly face; and, without replying directly, he indicated an alcove at the far end of the room, and said:

"Shall we go there, where we won't be overheard?"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FOOTPRINT CLEW.

Dan Bryan was the first to speak when they had entered that smaller room together and had sought two chairs at one corner of it; and it was surprising how soft he could render that big voice of his when occasion required it.

"Let us start in by being perfectly frank with each other," he said. "Cooke told me over the phone that you are Nick Carter. He also said that you were wearing Thad Ryan's 'broken-heart' pin, as we call it here. He intimated that you had something to tell me about Ryan, and—all that sort of thing. I'm interested in Ryan to-day—in both of the Ryans, for that matter. I needn't say that I'm glad to know you; or that I'm especially glad just at this time. I know something about you. Now, what is it about?"

"First," replied the detective, "in order to be sure that you are the man I want to talk with, answer me one question."

"Go ahead."

"Did a young lady, whose given name is Alice, telephone to you from a small restaurant in Broadway near Manhattan Street, soon after eleven, or about that time, last night? Did she tell you that another, whose given name is Cora, was in the car at the door, and that——"

"It's all correct, Mr. Carter. I don't know how you know about it, and I don't care; but I'd like to ask a question right here, too."

"What is it?"

"Do you happen to know where those two ladies are now?"

"No; I do not. That is what I am here to find out."

"Oh! Well, I have been all night trying to find out. Good heavens, Carter, how much do you know about this affair, anyway? It's awful, that's what it is; or very near to it. I want you to start in by showing me where you stand and what you know. I want frankness, utter and entire. I've got to have it, too."

"You shall have it; but wait a moment. You say you have been looking for them all night. The message you received over the telephone told you to go somewhere to meet them, as I understand it. You went there, and you did not find them, of course. They were intercepted while on their way to that place—I suspect by the Ryans, from what I have heard, and what I know."

"No; they weren't there. I've been scouring the country ever since, between there and here, trying to find some trace of them, or of the car they were using—for the car happens to be mine, and I know it pretty well. Now, you've got to unwind your coil of rope, Mr. Carter."

In as few words as possible, then, Nick recounted to him the experiences that he and Patsy had met with during the preceding night, and related all that had happened since then; and he did it with every attention to detail, realizing that it was well that this big Dan Bryan should know all the particulars; and he finished his statement by saying:

"Of course, I knew that the pin was a unique one, and that some jeweler would be able to guess pretty closely as to who made it. So I went to see Cooke. I came to know him very well, indeed, at the time of the disappearance of the pear-shaped diamonds, several years ago. Cooke knew the pin itself, and its owner—as you do, so I decided to come here and find Thaddeus Ryan. Then I remembered that if he was so closely related to this affair——"

"But how did you happen to get me in connection with it at all? I don't understand that, Carter."

"One of the ladies—the one called Cora—made letters with her fingers, on the cushion of the seat in the car. She made lots of B's. She wrote Ryan in small letters, too. I had traced the ladies to that restaurant, where one of them telephoned to you, by a footprint, a bonfire, and some wet ashes. The blond girl used the name Dan in talking to you on the phone. As I was about to part with Cooke down at the store, I asked him 'Who is Dan?' Of course he said Dan Bryan. Then I connected the finger writing on the cushion with the name used over the phone. Only, you see, she had not written Bryan plainly. She had written it B—ryan. There were the two names in one with just the addition of the letter B."

"Yes. Just that difference. But, gee, it does make a heap of difference, Carter."

"I had already sent a man to chase up the telephone number, at the house boat."

"Well, there won't be anybody there when he gets there. But we can't spend the time to discuss the little things of this affair. We must get busy, Carter. We must find——"

"One moment, Mr. Bryan. In the first place there are no 'little things' in the world. All things are big, in accordance with their relation to other things. Again, you have not told me who those ladies are; and I must know before we proceed any farther."

"Why, I had forgotten that you didn't know. They are—— Who is that in the doorway? Somebody looking for you, Carter?"

Chick was standing in the doorway between the two rooms when the detective raised his eyes. Nick beckoned to him.

"This is my assistant—another Mr. Carter, Mr. Bryan," he said, by way of introduction. "Speak right out in meeting, Chick."

"It was a Bernstein shoe," said Chick, referring to the assignment that had been given him. "I thought him the most likely maker, and went there first. The shoes were made for the daughter of Mrs. Cora L. Ryan. Here is the address on this card. I went there before I came here, but the great house is closed tighter than a drum, and there doesn't seem to be so much as a caretaker there. Then I telephoned to Joseph, and he said you were here, so I came directly here after you."

"By gracious, Carter, you keep things moving, don't you?" exclaimed Bryan.

"Have to," replied Nick. "You see I really forestalled you in regard to the name; but was the girl who drove that car really the daughter of the woman in the back seat to whom she referred as Cora?"

"Yes. She always addresses her mother by her given name. Cora is my third or fourth cousin. She married a man named Tom Ryan—no relation whatever to Thad and Paul Ryan, thank Heaven!—ten years ago. He was her second husband; Alice was a child then. Tom Ryan is a rich man; made his money in cement, when the subway was started; built one of his mills on some vacant property he owns right near his residence, two years ago—perhaps you saw it, Mr. Chick Carter, when you were over there; eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, Tom Ryan began to get 'queer' about that time; crazy; no doubt of it; mad as a march hare, and all that. Cora left him a year ago. Got a legal separation—not a divorce—with an allowance; a good one, too. I helped her all I could. Got Tom down on me, of course. He persecuted her, after the separation; made a nuisance of himself—and a fiend, too. Can't tell you all about it now. No time."

"But where does Thaddeus Ryan come in?" Nick asked.

"I've already told you that Tom and Thad are no relation. Same name, though; and same initials: T. H. R.; Thomas Horace and Thaddeus Huxley; queer, isn't it? A confusion of letters here at the club brought them together. Tom took a shine to Thad, and Thad saw a chance to make money out of Tom. Ergo, they got together—in business. Thad saw Cora; saw a lot of her, in fact; he was at the house a great deal. He fell in love with her, she was fasci-

nated by him. No indiscretions, mind you; just an attraction. Then came the articles of separation between Tom and Cora. Tom got hot at me, as I said, and I gave him a thrashing, good and plenty; that didn't make him love me any better. Then the persecutions, as I have stated. Tom all the time wanted Cora back, and she wouldn't go back. There is where Thad put his oar in. He did some persecuting, too, but I wasn't told about that, or there'd have been another thrashing to record. The first I knew about it was only the other day. I got a letter from Alice; see?"

"Yes."

"I have been keeping pretty close to my house boat—working, you know. Hadn't been downtown; didn't know that Cora and Alice had been missing for nearly a week till I got that letter from the kid. It's a queer story, but it's true."

"Go ahead with it, Ryan."

"Tom Ryan had inveigled Cora and her daughter back to the house near the mill. I have already told you that he's crazy; and he is; there's no doubt of it. Having got her there, he held her—through fear. Threatened to kill her—in the street, if necessary, and all that—if she went away. Thad and Tom had become great cronies. Tom took Thad to the house with him, where he was holding his own wife and her daughter prisoners. Got all this in that letter, mind you, Carter."

"Yes."

"Here is the letter. You can read it for yourself, but I'll read one paragraph of it to you right now. It explains the circumstances clearly. Here it is. Listen:

" 'Last night Papa Tom'—that's what Alice called him—'brought that hateful Thad Ryan here. He found a chance to be alone with Cora'—that's her mother, you know—'and offered to take her away. Cora can't get a real divorce from Papa Tom, you know. She is in such absolute terror, here, that she was ready to agree to anything to get away. Cora told me about it after Thad Ryan had gone. She is almost crazy with fright and terror. Thad gave her a powder to put into Papa Tom's coffee to-morrow night.' That was last night, you know. 'Thad is coming after us after he is asleep; but we mustn't go. Oh, Dan, dear, come and save us—only if Papa Tom saw you anywhere near the house he would kill Cora. I suggested to her that you bring your car here right after dark to-morrow, and leave it in the shed behind the mill. I can drive it, as you know. Leave a cap and a long coat and some gauntlets and masks in it. We will escape as soon as Papa Tom is asleep, and before Thad can get here. I'll *make* mamma do it. I'll take her to George Pardoe's house at Compo. It's closed now, but I know where to find the key. I'll telephone to you on the way out. Then you meet us there and tell us what to do.' "

Dan Bryan refolded the letter and passed it over to the detective.

"That is where I quit," he said. "I took the car to the old shed behind the mill, and left it there, with the things in it that Alice asked for. I'd have waited myself if I had dared; but I was afraid the thing would fall through if I did. Cora might have got in a funk over it. I've got a bad temper when it's roused, and I've got a good deal of muscle, too. To tell the truth, I was a little afraid that I might kill Tom Ryan, if he happened to interfere.

"But you know the rest, except that I've been to Compo and back since that telephone message. Then I came here to find Thad Ryan, and his little runt of a brother, Paul. They aren't here; but Cooke telephoned here just as I came in. That's all. And now, Carter, two things have got to be done, and done right away. You know what they are?"

"We must find Mrs. Ryan and her daughter at once, of course. What is the other one? We will find Thaddeus Ryan and his brother wherever they are."

"We've got to head off Tom Ryan; that's what. I tell you he's mad; a maniac; and the threat of killing was no joke or dream. He'll do it—if he finds them before we do; and he's likely to do that, too."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because Thad Ryan couldn't have intercepted those two on the road when they were making their escape unless he'd got wind of what was going on. Tom Ryan might get wind of it in the same manner. Anyhow, he will guess something of what has happened, the first thing. He will murder his wife if we don't stop him—and if he happens to fall to the double-dealing of Thad, he'll know pretty well where to look for them."

"Do you know where to look for them, Bryan?"

"I can make a good guess at it—only it's only a guess," was the reply.

"Out of town?"

"Yes."

"Chick," said the detective, "telephone to Danny to bring the big car—and Pedro—here as quickly as it can be done."

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW THE CLEWS WORKED OUT.

When Danny appeared with the car he brought a note to Nick from Patsy. It was hastily written, and said:

"Car the property of Daniel Bryan, a writer. Left its garage at four yesterday. Not in cement business. At garage found another T. H. R. cigarette stump. Thaddeus H. Ryan. He keeps a car there. Has a little wizened-up brother, named Paul. Both took his car out last night at eight-thirty. I'm off on track of that car. Nothing doing about initials C. L. R. Mind the two names, Bryan and Ryan. I'll find T. H. R., and car number one, sure. PATSY."

While Nick and Chick were waiting with Dan Bryan for the coming of Danny with the car, they

talked, and the detective questioned Bryan closely about that guess that he had volunteered in regard to the possible destination of Thaddeus Ryan after he had taken the two women in the car with him—that car which Patsy had christened Car No. 1. When they started, Nick and Bryan occupied the rear of the car with Pedro; Chick sat in front with Danny.

Over the bridge into Westchester County they went, defying speed regulations; nor did they once slacken speed until Dan Bryan called out:

"Here is the place. Drive into the woods through that gate. It's open, too. We can leave the car behind those trees where it won't be seen. By Jove! Look, will you?"

Danny had obeyed the voice of Dan Bryan, and had turned the car into the wooded lot, and they came suddenly upon no less than three other cars that were concealed in the space behind the trees; but the sight of one of them made Nick Carter's eyes glow with pleasure.

"That car there, is yours, Bryan," he said. "It means that Patsy has got here before us. But the others——"

"One of them is Tom Ryan's; the other one is Thad's," said Bryan, interrupting. "This place belongs to Thad, you know. It's run down, and it's a ruin, but it used to be a fine old place. What now?"

Nick did not reply. He had called Pedro from the car; he had taken one of the handkerchiefs, which he had found in the Crandyl car, and was holding it to the dog's nose; and in a moment the animal, with his nostrils to the ground, and with his faint whimpering cry, had started.

The men dogtrotted after him, and were led along a path among woods and rocks until they came to an old rambling stone house, decrepit with age; and just as they approached it the front door flew open and Patsy came running out to meet them.

"Saw you coming," he said. "There isn't anything in there but a dead man. It isn't Thaddeus Ryan. I don't know the dead man."

"Then it's Tom," said Bryan. "Is he a big chap? Almost as big as I am?"

"Yes," said Patsy.

"Come on in, then." He turned toward Nick with that remark only to find that the detective was paying no attention. Pedro had continued on past the house and the veranda in front of it, and Nick was following.

Pedro, with his nose to the ground, led them along a winding path through the woods, and down into a hollow, where, at the bottom of the deep ravine, they came upon a cottage built of stone and as far along in the stages of decay as a stone structure will decline.

Nick Carter held up one hand to enjoin silence; a low word to Pedro quieted the dog effectually, and the detective again signaled to the others to wait.

Then he went forward alone, and without making a sound.

He stepped upon the low stoop, and peered in through the open doorway, and what he saw there was this:

Thaddeus Ryan was facing Cora Ryan, holding her by one hand. Paul Ryan was standing near, regarding them with a cynical smile on his wizened face. Alice was weeping, in one corner of the room. Thaddeus was speaking.

"That is all there is about it, Cora," he was saying, and his handsome face was cruel in its expression. "Tom is dead. Paul didn't murder him, as you seem to think. Tom just dropped dead—and you are well rid of him. You hated him, anyhow. You don't hate me—at least, you have said you do not. Never mind what Alice says; she'll get used to it. I want you to promise, here and now, to marry me as soon as this thing blows over. If you say the word, I will take you back to the city right now. If you do not say it——"

"Well, what then?" Alice, the daughter, cried out, starting forward toward him with her hands clenched together; but Paul seized her and drew her back again sharply.

"What then?" said Thaddeus Ryan, and he laughed without mirth. "Why, in that case I'll keep you both right here, where nobody can find you, until your mother changes her mind and consents; that's all."

"Maybe somebody else will have something to say about that," said Nick Carter, stepping forward into the room quickly. "That will do, Mr. Thaddeus Ryan; you, too, Paul Ryan. Madam, here is your Cousin Dan, ready to take you back to the city. Miss Alice, go outside with your mother and Mr. Bryan. Patsy?"

"Yes, chief?"

"You found the dead man in the house. What about it? Did he drop dead? Do you think that?"

"Oh, he dropped dead, all right—with a bullet through his heart."

Thaddeus Ryan wheeled upon his Brother Paul when he heard that, and struck at him savagely with his fist, and the man was white with rage and terror when he did it.

"You did kill him, did you?" he fairly yelled; but the wizened brother, who was dried up and small because he was humpbacked, grinned, and replied:

"No, I didn't. He shot himself. Prove it otherwise if you can."

And Nick Carter did prove it otherwise without much trouble, for the hunchback had forgotten to leave the weapon with which he killed Tom Ryan beside the body. He still had it in his possession when he was searched.

And so the case, which was no case at all, in the beginning, but merely a mysterious circumstance, was brought to a close; but it demonstrated how important the smallest of clews may become in the working out of a case.

Patsy had followed the Thaddeus Ryan car to that place because he had obtained a thorough description of it at the garage, and he had stopped and asked questions all along the route, thus losing a great deal of time, and only arriving at the stone house a few moments before his chief did.

The puzzle as to how it happened that Thaddeus Ryan and his brother intercepted the mother and daughter when they were on their way to Compo is easily explained, for the mother, after she escaped from the house the night before, had been shaken by the fear that Thaddeus Ryan, in going there after her and not finding her waiting to elope with him, would enter and search the house, and would be killed by her husband, or would kill him; and so she had persuaded her daughter to let her get out at the first available place, and telephone to Thaddeus.

She had told him in effect that she could not and would not elope with him, and that she was going away with her daughter where nobody could find her; but it did not take Thaddeus Ryan very long to guess who was aiding in their escape, and what place the woman would select for a rendezvous.

And so the initialed cigarettes, the metal monogram on the black bag, the handkerchief to supply the scent for Pedro, the footprint in the ashes or from them, the Crandyl car—from which Dan Bryan had himself removed the numbers before he left it for the use to which it was put—the stick pin, and the letters written in the dust upon the cushion of the car, had led to a full explanation of what had seemed at first to be a most mysterious circumstance.

THE END.

"The Silent Passenger; or, Nick Carter's Hunt for a Clew," is the title of the story that will appear in the next issue of this weekly. The story opens with Nick Carter's finding the dead body of a man in his drawing-room on a railroad train. Circumstantial evidence points to Nick as the murderer, and it is some time before the conductor of the train, and others, can be convinced to the contrary. Nick's work on this case carries him to Alaska and the Canadian Northwest, and the story is of absorbing interest. It is No. 14, and will be out December 14th.

MOST WONDERFUL TIMEPIECE.

The French president, on a visit to Berne, the capital of the Swiss confederation, was given a Swiss chronometer, which is said to be the most wonderful watch in the world. The dial is six feet in diameter. The face is a circular flower bed, in which nothing can be seen but anemones, pansies, violets, and asters. The Roman figures on the dial are marked in flowers, and the hands are narrow beds of flowers. They duly revolve and point the hours. All the flowers in the wonderful clock are growing in mold in boxes of the required shape. Those containing blossoms forming the hands naturally revolve on pivots. The flower chronometer will be placed in the garden of the palace of the Elysée.

THE MAN AND THE HOUR;

Or, Sheridan Keene's Clever Artifice.

By ALDEN F. BRADSHAW.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jacob Moore, a man of considerable means, who lived in the country near Lynn, Mass., is found dead in bed by his housekeeper, Mrs. Haynie. Moore had been stabbed to death.

Hamilton French, of Boston, who had been Mr. Moore's lawyer for many years, and Detective Sheridan Keene, who has been assigned to the case by Inspector Watts, go to the Moore homestead. There Keene learns that Mr. Moore had disinherited his daughter, Mabel, because she had refused to marry Mr. Moore's nephew, Richard Thorpe, and took for a husband instead, Bob Jeffrey. The local constable, Jim Bragg, suspects Jeffrey to be the murderer.

Thorpe, who had lived with his uncle, had spent the night on which Mr. Moore had been murdered, at a road house. Mr. Moore's desk shows signs of having been rifled, and evidence that the murderer made his way into the house through a window, is found from mud tracks. While the coroner's inquest is being held, Jim Bragg, the constable, searches the house of Bob Jeffrey. He finds hidden in a clock some papers, which he gives to the coroner.

During the inquest, evidence is given that Bob Jeffrey was at the Moore homestead on the night that Jacob Moore was murdered. Witnesses also testified that Jeffrey used threatening language when speaking of the murdered man. The inquest is adjourned before Jeffrey is called to the stand, and without the coroner's disclosing anything about the paper which Bragg found in Jeffrey's house.

CHAPTER VIII.

BETWEEN THE LINKS.

With adjournment of the inquest, Sheridan Keene at once turned to Lawyer French, and said, softly, in a rather hurried way:

"Don't interfere with my movements now, nor delay me with questions. I am going to slip away, and shall visit the turnpike tavern, where I'll get my lunch."

"Very well," nodded the lawyer.

Yet the expression on his face was rather doubtful, and the evidence accumulating against Robert Jeffrey was so damaging that he could not easily contain his misgivings. He had not been informed at what Sheridan Keene was driving, and he felt vague fears that the discernment and sagacity of the young detective would prove unequal to the requirements of so complicated and desperate a case.

"Be very careful," added Keene softly, "that my true purpose here is not disclosed. If any questions are asked about it, or hints thrown out, say something in response to sustain the assumption."

"I will do so."

"And if you express any opinion upon the case, let it be that you fear Mr. Jeffrey is in a bad box."

"Heaven knows, Mr. Keene, I cannot express any other opinion," replied the attorney, with manifest distress. "I would I could!"

"I'll adjust that for you—when the man and the hour are in joint! answered Keene, scarce above his breath. "But don't reflect that assurance in your face, or give it to another, lest you ruin all!"

He did not wait for a response from the lawyer, but abruptly turned and left the room, worming his way among the people in the hall, and securing his overcoat and hat from a near closet. As he was returning, and, aiming to depart from the front door, he came in con-

tact with Richard Thorpe; who was just emerging from the parlor.

Thorpe instantly detained him, asking, in a low whisper:

"Why did you question Mrs. Haynie in that way?"

"Merely to suggest a point for Mr. French," Keene explained, both pleasantly and vaguely. "The case is going to be a walkover, however."

"Do you think so?"

"Sure thing! The evidence will be conclusive. That Bragg is a wonder for getting at things, and ought to be on the city force."

"He is very energetic," nodded Thorpe, in whose dark eyes there now was an expression of manifest relief.

"Energetic doesn't express it!" laughed Keene. "I wouldn't have him after me, as he's after Jeffrey, for all a man's neck is worth."

"It looks bad for Mabel's husband, I'll admit," Thorpe answered, with dubious sympathy. "I'm deucedly sorry for him! You'll be here to lunch with us?"

"Probably, thanks! I'm going for a breath of fresh air, first of all. It's as hot and close as an oven in there."

"I shall expect you back."

Sheridan Keene bowed and smiled agreeably, and moved toward the door. Avoiding the curious gaze of those about him, he immediately left the house and took a short walk up the road.

At the end of ten minutes he returned, sauntering carelessly into the yard; and presently, in an aimless sort of way, turned his steps in the direction of the stable. One of the broad doors stood open, and Mr. Joe Darbage was busily grooming Richard Thorpe's horse, which stood in the barn.

The hostler looked up on hearing the detective's approach, but his grim face gave no sign of his feelings, whatever they may have been. He continued his work in silence, and it became necessary for Sheridan Keene to open the conversation.

"Which is the short cut by which one can go from here to the turnpike tavern?" he asked pleasantly.

Mr. Darbage straightened up from the animal's fore fetlock.

"Out that way," he replied, pointing with his forefinger, one joint of which Keene observed to be missing. "Take the path through the gap in the hedge and strike straight across the meadows."

"Is the walking good?"

"'Tis in this kind o' weather," said Darbage. "In the spring, or in mild days, it's kind o' damp in places."

"How much does it save one in distance?"

"'Bout a half mile, I reckon."

"Well, that's worth saving on a cold day or a wet one."

"So 'tis," assented Darbage glumly. "I most always go that way."

"Cars run over the turnpike, don't they?"

"Often, sir."

"I may want to go into town a little later," explained Keene, rising from the grain box, on which he had briefly seated himself. "That's a fine-looking horse, Mr. Darbage," he added, drawing nearer to survey the animal.

"Aye, sir; she's a good horse."

"Mr. Thorpe's?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's the one he rides most of the time, I suppose?"

"All the time—when he rides."

"It must be a great pleasure," observed Keene, after a pause of several minutes, during which he studied the animal more closely. "We poor devils, who are compelled to dig in the pages of musty law books, don't get much chances for riding."

"I s'pose not," said Darbage, furtively viewing him from under his brows.

"Is she speedy?"

"Tolerably so," growled the groom, becoming impatient, "and a good cross-country rider."

"Want to know!" exclaimed Keene, with increased display of interest, and he studied the mare harder than ever. "Mr. Thorpe rides a good deal, I take it."

"Sometimes."

"She doesn't look as if ridden hard."

"She ain't been out but once for a week back," answered Darbage, with a deeper frown. "That's what makes her so restless."

"Is it?"

"Besides, she don't fancy strangers standing around her. You'd better get back a little, if you're going to stay here."

And then the groom, perhaps thinking his own departure might accelerate that of his importunate visitor, caught up a bucket from the floor and started for a well in the yard to draw some water.

Quick as a flash, Sheridan Keene placed a sheet of paper beneath one fore hoof of the mare and raised the other. A moment later he strolled carelessly out of the stable, meeting Mr. Darbage returning; but he had in his pocket an impression of one of the mare's iron shoes.

"Bound off?" questioned Darbage, with a suspicious gleam in his gray eyes.

"Just for a bit of a walk," nodded Keene. "I think I'll slip over to the tavern and buy a cigar."

He did not look back to see if Darbage was watching him. He followed the latter's directions, the way taking him back of the stable and through an orchard, and thence into a hollow where the hedge ran along a low strip of meadow. He found the gap mentioned, and passing through it, examined the ground with careful scrutiny.

He discovered just what he had expected. In the frozen soil was the clear impression of a horse's hoof, an imprint which must have been made when the weather was warmer and the ground damp. There was more than one, and he now followed them diagonally across the meadow to the higher land, where they were lost in the harder soil.

Keene stood near the last one discernible, and sighted an imaginary line to the gap in the hedge.

"Now, when were those prints made?" he asked himself. "It rained hard on Monday, and up to Tuesday noon, and since Tuesday evening the ground has been frozen hard. They must have been made early Tuesday evening. Moreover, the rider was no stranger, for he rode too fast, and knew the ground and where he was going."

Again the detective sighted the gap in the hedge, and then he went on his way for appearance sake, and approached the turnpike, and later the turnpike tavern.

"So Mr. Thorpe rode up Malden way, did he?" he said to himself, smiling complacently, as he walked. "That testimony was a lie! He rode hard and fast across the meadows to a point in the turnpike, and thence to the tavern. Mr. Thorpe, I now shall drive you to the wall!"

It was nearly two o'clock when Sheridan Keene returned to the Moore dwelling. The crowd was collecting again, and it was nearly time for the inquest to be resumed. He saw nothing of Thorpe, nor of Darbage; and, on entering the house, he at once went upstairs to the room he had occupied the previous night.

When he left it, just before the inquest was to reopen, he passed the closed door of one of the chambers. It was that which Mabel Moore had occupied during her childhood and early womanhood. The sound of a voice from within caught the detective's ear, the voice of Bob Jeffrey; and Keene drew back to listen.

"Mabel," the man was saying, "yours has been a great courage and a great love! You left this home and accepted a father's curse to come to my arms and share my humbler home."

A low, half-choked sob was the only answer.

"God knows I have tried to be a good husband to you," Jeffrey went on. "If I have erred in resenting your father's conduct, it was only because I could not endure the injustice done you. For myself, I cared nothing. My resentment may have brought a great trouble to us both, possibly a great danger to me; and you may be called on to exercise your love and courage in a far more terrible trial than any you have yet experienced. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes, Bob!" the girl sobbed chokingly.

"Mabel," and the man's deep voice faltered slightly; "by all the love I have for you, by the memory of my dead mother, who, if she hears me now, knows that I speak the truth, I swear that I am innocent of any act of violence against your father! Will you—can you believe that, in the face of anything that comes?"

Keene heard her kiss the lips that uttered the solemn oath, and then her tearful answer:

"Oh, Bob! my husband! can you doubt it? Let come what will, let them say and do what they may, let all the world condemn you—Bob, I will cleave the closer to you! Never till your own lips confess it will I harbor a thought that you did harm to my poor father."

"Thank God for that assurance!" cried Jeffrey, with a voice that now rang with loving pride. "Let them do their worst, now! I can face them like a man!"

Keene smiled faintly, and descended the stairs to the parlor. The jurors were already in their chairs. The crowd in the hall was increasing, and the excitement was intense. Every person present felt sure that Bob Jeffrey would be the next witness called.

He entered the parlor a few minutes after Sheridan Keene. His step was firm, his face flushed, and the quick flash of his clear, blue eyes swept defiantly over every person present. He had prevailed upon his wife to remain upstairs.

Sheridan Keene rubbed an idea from the point of his chin, and said to himself, quite gleefully:

"That's not the same man that was here this morning!"

CHAPTER IX.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

There was increased excitement when Robert Jeffrey was called to the floor. He faced the coroner and jury with his countenance flushed with painful mortification, and a look in his eyes that was like a challenge to every man. He felt that his past character did not merit the suspicious gaze of the many friends and neighbors who were around him, and his replies to the coroner's questions were made in tones of subdued vehemence, evincing a resentment he could only partially suppress.

The coroner began with the usual inquiries of name and birthplace, and the first half hour was expended in ascertaining the meaning of the rash declarations of the witness at the tavern, also his motive in visiting the Moore place on the night of the crime. But nothing more of importance was evoked than has already appeared, and it became plainly evident from the doubtful expressions upon the faces of the jurors that the stand taken by Jeffrey, and the explanations he was making, were anything but satisfactory.

This had a tendency to irritate Jeffrey, and in reply to a question calculated to bring out his motive in seeking Moore that evening, he cried, in a tone of fierce exasperation:

"I suppose a man has a right to visit his father-in-law, hasn't he?"

The coroner did not resent his inquiry, other than to gently recommend calmness and as concise responses as was possible. His tone seldom varied from its cold, portentous acuteness, and his eyes were rarely turned from the pale face of the witness, other than to glance quickly at the steady-moving hand of the stenographer near by.

"Mr. Jeffrey," he continued, "did you visit the turnpike tavern early Tuesday evening?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"At what time did you leave there?"

"It might have been half past seven."

"You have admited that your relations with the deceased were not of a friendly character. Do you admit coming here on the night in question?"

"Yes, sir, I do admit it," cried Jeffrey, with dogged bravado in tone and manner.

"At what time did you arrive here?"

"I don't know what time it was. I was engaged in thought. I didn't notice the time. I was exercised by the injustice that was being done my wife, and I wanted to see her father. I cannot tell what time it was."

"Did you make any stops on your way from the tavern?"

"No, I did not. I walked moderately. It might have been eight o'clock, or some after, when I came here."

"Did you come by the way of the street and approach the house by the driveway?"

"Certainly, I did," replied Jeffrey impetuously.

"What did you then do?" demanded the coroner, with his searching scrutiny becoming even more intent.

Jeffrey's brow lowered, and the bright red in either cheek deepened perceptibly. The nervous twitching of his lips, and the swelling veins of his forehead, indicated a terrible struggle going on within him. He was maddened by his humiliating position, and realized the terrible chasm on the brink of which he stood, and into which it seemed to be the design of one and all to drag him.

"I did what any man would have done," he answered fiercely.

"That does not reply to my question," the coroner cried sternly. "I want to know what you did on arriving here?"

"I went and tried the door," said Jeffrey, in a voice of sullen desperation.

Sheridan Keene, who had not taken his gaze from the

face of the witness, perceived that he shrank from the next question.

"Am I to understand, then," demanded Judge Clark forcibly, "that you came directly from the tavern to the door of this house?"

"I have replied to that effect," said Jeffrey sullenly. "Did you obtain admission?"

The voice of the coroner fell to its former tone, but a strange frown, not observable before, had appeared upon his brow.

"No, sir, I did not," said Robert Jeffrey, with some display of relief.

"Who came to the door?"

"Mr. Darbage."

"He refused to admit you?"

"Yes, sir. He thrust me off the steps and closed the door."

"What did you do after that?"

"I started down the driveway to go home."

"Did you go?"

"I did not. I was much wrought up in mind, and did not notice where I was going till I found myself out beyond the stable."

"Near the curve in the road?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do then?"

"I intended, sir, to go home, and was on the point of starting off, when I was struck on the head from behind!"

The effect of this statement was thrilling. Even Sheridan Keene was for a second disconcerted.

"Struck from behind?" echoed the coroner, amazed, while every eye was glued on the witness. Keene, glancing at Jeffrey's face, saw it turn a deathlike pallor.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Judge Clark, at last, recovering from his surprise.

Jeffrey's face was like stone as he repeated:

"I was struck by some soft instrument—I do not know what."

"How do you know it was a soft instrument?" asked the coroner incredulously.

"Because I could find no bruise on my head when I recovered consciousness."

"Did you see your assailant?"

"I did not. It came too suddenly."

By this time those present were in a fever of excitement.

Was Jeffrey speaking the truth, or was he taking a desperate course to account for his absence?

"And how long did you remain unconscious?" were the next words of the coroner.

"I did not know at the time, but I am now aware that it must have been nearly midnight."

"And have you no evidence to show that you were struck down?" asked the coroner, evidently placing little faith in the witness' words.

A look of despair crossed Jeffrey's face as he replied:

"I have none. I knew you would not believe it—I knew it. But, by Heaven!" he cried, rising in his seat, and raising his arm, "as I live, it is the truth."

For the first time the coroner showed signs of credence in his testimony.

"If you lay unconscious in the fields for several hours," he said, "would you not have been numb with the cold?"

"I was, and for a while had a raging pain in my head. But, I was dressed warm, and besides, am hardened to the cold."

As the stalwart man sat there, his eyes glowing and his ruddy cheeks warm with blood, he looked capable of defying the elements.

"Why did you not tell your wife of this?" asked the coroner.

"I knew it would only worry her, and I did not think I would have to mention it at all," answered Bob Jeffrey.

The coroner leaned back in his seat, with a deep frown on his face.

After a considerable pause, he said:

"Do you know at just what time you reached home?"

"It was just twelve o'clock."

"You seem to be accurate on that point."

"I noticed the clock in the dining room."

"Then you had a lamp?"

"No; the light from the moon was sufficient."

"Did you at once retire to bed?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Had your wife already retired?"

"Yes, she had!" Jeffrey curtly answered, almost at the end of his patience.

"Mr. Jeffrey, will you please remove the shoe from your right foot and let me have it?"

Turning suddenly pale, a paleness at once followed by a blush of confusion, Robert Jeffrey stooped and removed his shoe. The jurors, wearied by long and close attention, moved restlessly, and wondered what was about to occur. On the face of Constable Bragg there gradually arose a glow of pride and triumph.

"The witness," he said, with some austerity, "will remain here; the jury will please follow me."

He led the way out of doors till he stood beneath the windows of Moore's chamber, where he gravely addressed the men gathered about him.

"Here is the ground, gentlemen. You will observe where some person has been standing, with the evident intention of looking into this window. You will recall the severe storm of Monday and a part of Tuesday, and if these impressions had been here prior to that time they would have been obliterated. You may reasonably assume, then, that they must have been made Tuesday afternoon or evening, at which latter time the ground became frozen."

He stooped and placed the shoe in one of the depressions.

"You will also observe," he continued, "that this shoe exactly fits the impression. That is all here, gentlemen."

The expression upon the faces of the different jurymen was a study, as each examined in his turn; but the coroner presently led the way to the rear of the house, and there, beneath the kitchen window, was found the same damaging evidence.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "we will return to the house."

It was several minutes before Judge Clark had resumed his seat in the parlor, and the jurors theirs. The flush had left Robert Jeffrey's face, and he stood, deathly pale, beside the chair in which he had been seated. Wiping his damp palms, he gazed from one juror to another, as if in search of one doubtful face. But one and all told in mute accents of some frightful evidence against him, the nature of which he knew only too well, and the facts

concerning which he had ventured to suppress. Amid an indescribable silence, the coroner resumed his inquiry.

"Mr. Jeffrey," he said slowly, "you arrived home at midnight, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

The response was given with but little more than a hoarse whisper.

"Mr. Jeffrey, did you ever before see this?" continued the coroner, taking from the table drawer the thin package of documents with which Mr. Bragg had provided him, after removing them from the clock in the dining room of the witness.

Jeffrey examined the package closely, turning it over in his trembling hands, and said at length:

"Never, sir, to my knowledge."

"Is this your property?" asked the coroner, handing from a parcel near by a thick woolen reefer.

"Yes, sir; I think it is," stammered Jeffrey, with intense surprise. "It looks like one I have."

"You will observe that it is torn on the right side near the bottom, as if it had caught upon something, say the blind catch of a window, for instance. Can you explain how that was done?"

"No, sir," faltered Jeffrey, with increasing agitation. "I did not know it was so. I have not worn it since night before last."

Judge Clark was pressing the questions very pointedly, and with one forefinger extended, as if to pierce the form of the man standing in the floor.

"On the left sleeve near the cuff, Mr. Jeffrey, you will see by close examination the marks of some dark color. Can you tell what it is?"

The garment shook visibly in Jeffrey's tremulous hands, as he turned it over and stared with strained eyes at the portion indicated. There upon the dark cloth were several stains of clotted blood.

With a cry of one suddenly enraged, Jeffrey hurled the coat to the floor, and raising his clenched hands above his head, shouted violently:

"I know nothing about it! This is some infernal scheme to incriminate me."

The coroner raised his hand warningly.

"But one question more, Mr. Jeffrey," he said. "Do you recognize this as your property?"

And he extended under the very eyes of the jury and witness a bloodstained sheath knife with a buckhorn handle.

With face as hueless as that of the dead, Jeffrey recoiled for an instant, staring with dilated eyes at the open knife. Then he sprang impulsively forward, crying eagerly, in the wildly exultant tone of one who sees escape from some horrible abyss into which he is falling:

"No! No! It is not mine! It is not mine! I have one like that, but mine is not broken!"

"That will do, Mr. Jeffrey."

And the witness reeled backward and resumed his chair, the perspiration reeking from every pore, his countenance bloodless, and looking twenty years older from the mental strain of the last few hours.

"Mr. Bragg," said the coroner, so sharply that the rising excitement was instantly quelled; "will you please make a statement to the jury of what you have discovered?"

It was evident that Judge Clark was bringing the inquest to a close.

The constable rose from his seat and approached the table.

"Your honor and gentlemen," he said, speaking slowly and with his usual air of wisdom, "my duty as an officer requires me to look up evidence in such cases as this. I began my work immediately upon arriving here Wednesday morning, and made those discoveries which the coroner has brought to your notice. I further thought it my duty to enter the house of Mr. Jeffrey, where I made a thorough search, and found the coat in the condition in which you see it. In looking for certain papers which had been taken from the desk of the deceased. I discovered that the tall clock in the corner of Jeffrey's dining room had stopped, though the weight still was partly wound. In my examination, I found in that part of the case which contains the works, the package of documents for which I had been searching. On the morning following the crime I found in the laundry of this house a small piece of cloth, which evidently had been torn from the coat submitted to your examination."

Robert Jeffrey started up as if about to speak, but the coroner instantly motioned him to be seated.

"This is not a time for you to talk," he cried quickly.

"The knife," continued Constable Bragg, "was found back of the hedge bordering the curve in the road, and handed to me. The witness has stated that he owned a knife like it, except that his was not broken. This small piece of bone, which fits in the damaged handle, was found by Mr. Jenks on the floor of the turnpike tavern, where Mr. Jeffrey had dropped the knife at the time of his altercation with Joe Darbage."

As if his last hope was instantly bereft him, Jeffrey uttered a groan and bowed his head in his hands, as one might who is crushed by the weight of a burden, despite that it had been expected.

As the constable drew back toward his chair, and the coroner rose to address the jury, Sheridan Keene started up and left the room.

"Let me pass," he said, in a low, severe tone to the people who blocked the way at the door.

He at once went upstairs and rapped upon the door of the room in which he earlier had heard Mabel Jeffrey talking to her husband. As he had expected, she now answered his summons.

"Mrs. Jeffrey," he said softly, "I want you to answer two or three questions.

"Certainly, Mr. Keene," she replied, looking at him with surprise.

"Be very careful to be accurate," said Keene earnestly. "When did you last wind the tall clock in your dining room?"

"Last Sunday, sir," she answered, looking at him with wondering eyes.

"Can you tell at precisely what hour you set it?"

"At twelve noon, sir. I always wind that clock Sunday noon, and set it by the time on the church spire. The clock runs a week."

"Did you wind the weight entirely up?"

"Yes, sir, I did. I am always sure to do that, or the clock would not run out the week."

"And you are sure you set it at precisely noon last Sunday?"

"I am absolutely positive of that, in regard to last Sunday, for the village clock struck the hour as I was winding up the weight, and I remarked to my husband, who

was in the room, that I should not be obliged to look from the window to consult the village time."

"Are there two weights to the clock, Mrs. Jeffrey?"

"No, sir; the striking weight was removed during Mrs. Jeffrey's illness some time ago, and has never been replaced."

"Very good," smiled Keene, replacing in his pocket a notebook which he had previously consulted. "I expect to go to town presently, Mrs. Jeffrey," he added, "and may not see you again."

"Is the inquest ended?" asked Mabel, with a look of fear in her eyes.

"No, but it soon will be!" said Sheridan Keene, in a curious tone. "I shall go to town immediately after. I will shake hands with you now, as I may not see you again."

TO BE CONCLUDED.

FOUR-LEGGED TAILORS.

Most of the animal world—grown ones, at least—are provided by nature with a coat of hair, fur, feathers, or scales thick enough and warm enough to save them any risk of catching cold. It is poor mankind who have to resort to dressmakers and tailors, and to weave, knit, or sew coverings against the winter winds.

But the young of many birds, beasts, and insects are not so well off, and for their sakes, and to provide them with coverings, some creatures turn tailor. Undoubtedly the most marvellous instance is the little Indian bird whose feats in this directions have earned it the name of tailor bird. The tailor bird places its nest in a large leaf, the edges of which the ingenious little creature sews together into the form of a bag. The beak is used as a needle, and the thread is a fiber strongly twisted out of wool or horsehair or anything of the kind that comes handy. Most astonishing of all, the bird manages to knot its thread in real tailor fashion before commencing to stitch.

Almost as wonderful is the work of the American crested oriole, which weaves a fabric of long strips of grass. Of this it makes a sort of sack, sometimes as much as five feet in length, and gradually increasing in diameter toward the bottom. Here, safe from all intruders, she rears her young.

Quite a different bird is the scissors bill. It is a gull which frequents West Indian waters. Its only claim to be called a tailor is its wonderful beak, the upper mandible of which is much shorter than the lower, and very sharp. This it uses exactly as you or I might a pair of shears.

Rats and dormice don't go in for any elaborate tailoring, but they provide excellent warm blankets of wool and fluff for their bare and shivering little ones. There is a sort of Himalayan rabbit which, in its wild state, pulls from its breast its warm and silky fur to provide a coverlet for her litter, which would otherwise starve with cold at the great heights where they are born.

Tailors with six or more legs flourish exceedingly. Go on a spring morning, and gaze into the limpid waters of some south country chalk stream. All along the bottom are dozens upon dozens of neat little chaps each carefully dressed in a miscellaneous but well-fitting suit, selected entirely by itself. These are caddis worms, the grubs of the gaudy dragon fly. Their taste in dress is amusing. One is covered with infinitesimal pebbles, another prefers atoms of bark, a third is a combination of all manner of scraps gleaned from the bottom of the pool. Each has a different suit.

Various caterpillars indulge a taste for clothing themselves in soft raiment. Foremost of these is, of course, the silkworm; but there are many others. One you may often notice in English hedgerows lives in colonies surrounded with a thick web of silky fabric. The spider is the cleverest tailor of them all. There is a sort of trap-door spider found in California, which, as a worker in stuffs, beats all the rest of its numerous tribe. This creature digs a hole in the sand and then lines it with silk as carefully as any dressmaker a bonnet. For the top it weaves a door, and this is hung on a hinge as lightly and deftly as any human could, or more so.

A sort of ant found in Brazil is provided by nature with a perfect pair of scissors in its mandibles. This it uses for cutting leaves, which it does in the most dainty way imaginable. Columns of these clever insects may be seen parading along, each shaded from the glare of the tropic sun by a little green umbrella. This has gained them the name of the parasol ant.

But they do not use their leaves for any purpose of clothing themselves. They pile them in the bottom of their nest, and then as they decay, a sort of fungus grows from them much appreciated as a table delicacy by the busy little workers.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Street refuse in Italy is sold by public auction.

About eight million tons of coal are annually consumed in London.

The engines of a first-class man-of-war cost about one hundred and forty thousand pounds.

A *War Cry* is to be printed in Java, in the Malay language.

Krupp, the great German gun manufacturer, has made twenty thousand cannons.

It has been estimated that steamers are twenty per cent safer than sailing vessels.

Telegrams in Chili cost fourpence each. The government owns all the lines.

It is considered a heinous offense to ride a bicycle anywhere near the city of Constantinople.

Until the reign of Henry VIII., English sovereigns, as well as their subjects, ate with their fingers.

Half the ships in the world are British. The best of them can be converted into ships of war in forty-eight hours.

The state of education in Russia may be judged from the fact that there is only one village school for every twelve thousand persons.

The recent census of cyclists in France, which has been made for the purpose of taxation, shows that there are three hundred and three thousand, six hundred and forty-nine owners of wheels.

GUIDES FOR SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Encouragement to persevere, sound advice as to manners and morals, and good maxims for business success are contained in the favorite sayings of men who have made themselves famous in various walks of life. King Edward always acted up to his favorite saying: "Let

every day do its own work," no matter at what personal inconvenience.

And those who have read the life of Sir Thomas Lipton, and remember how in the early days he was wont to get up at five o'clock in order to have his shop ready for early customers, will understand the spirit which leads him to often say, "Be punctual. It is the soul of business." Another of his favorite sayings is, "If you stick to business, business will stick to you."

Another merchant prince, the late Mr. William Whiteley, often quoted to young men his favorite saying, "Pay as you go"; while the late Sir Alfred Jones, the famous shipowner, considered that the secret of business success lay in the words, "Be thorough in work," and "Temper caution with vigor." Sir Adolph Tuck, the picture-postcard king, is fond of saying, "Be thorough"; while Sir Hiram Maxim says, "Work very hard and don't spend a cent."

Here are a number of other favorite sayings of famous men, which will be found to contain a wealth of wisdom.

"Concentrate on something."—Dr. Eliot, former president of Harvard.

"The most valuable gift to man is not cleverness, but ability to work with perseverance and determination."—General Sir Evelyn Wood.

"The man who gives a trifle meanly is always meaner than the trifle."—Bishop of London.

"Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie."—General Booth.

"No man worth his salt ever allows a thought of discouragement to possess him."—Mr. Roosevelt.

"A man who won't get up when he is knocked down is no use."—Sir William Treloar.

"To-day is the best time to start to save."—Mr. Russell Sage.

"Be patriots, and our country will ever flourish."—Lord Methuen.

"The reason why some of us get no comfort out of our religion on Sunday is that nobody else gets any comfort out of it during the week."—Archbishop of Canterbury.

PECULIAR CUSTOMS.

A custom peculiar to Buddhists is that of wandering about the country with hammer and chisel and carving holy symbols upon rocks by the wayside.

The greatest pilgrimages to the Holy Land are undertaken by the Russians. It is estimated that between twenty thousand and forty thousand Russians visit Palestine every year.

To protect passengers from the extortion of cabmen in Havana the lamp-posts are painted in various colors—red for the central district, blue for the second, green for the third, et cetera.

War and glory have been costly things in France. Between 1792 and 1815 she sacrificed one-half of the four million, five hundred thousand soldiers she sent to fight her battles. War has cost her in this century nearly six million lives.

Emperor William's bed is narrow—almost a camp bed—but his sheets are of the finest linen, and he loves a silk counterpane. He goes to bed at eleven, gets up at five, and is restless and agitated during his sleep.

The Emperor William, despite the fact that he has only one arm with which he can shoot, is nevertheless quite one of the finest shots in Europe. One year he brought down eight hundred and ninety-seven head of game while attending the court different shooting parties.

Every time a new name is given to a ship, every signal book in the service has to be altered. This is the reason that the admiralty are restricted to one set of names that have already been borne by ships in the British navy.

Leeches, when applied to persistent cigarette smokers, drop off dead, distinct traces of the dangerous oil given off by tobacco being found in them. Strangely enough, the same experiment tried upon excessive pipe smokers resulted in no apparent injury to the leeches.

THE REASON WHY.

"Once," said an old African explorer, "I was in great danger from a lion, and having run out of ammunition, as a last resource I tried sitting down and staring him fixedly in the face."

"How did it work?" asked his companion.

"Perfectly. It seemed to take all the spirit out of the lion, and presently he turned tail and departed."

"Strange. How do you account for it?"

"Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat down on a branch of a very high tree!"

LAME IN HIS MIND.

An absent-minded German professor was one day observed walking down the street with one foot constantly in the gutter, the other on the pavement. A pupil, meeting him, saluted him with: "Good evening, Herr Professor. How are you?"

"I was very well, I thought," answered the professor; "but now I don't know what's the matter with me. For the last ten minutes I've been limping!"

A VALUABLE RECOVERY.

Most people have heard of that extraordinary show which goes the rounds of the country under the name of "Performing Fleas." A man has actually trained these diminutive insects to sing, whistle, draw carts, and dance. One of the spectators of this quaint exhibition, on returning home, discovered a flea hopping nimbly about his coat. Naturally, he concluded that it was an escaped performer, so, placing it gently in a glass bottle, he returned to the showman and explained the circumstances. After submitting it to a microscopic examination, the showman exclaimed:

"I am deeply obliged to you, sir, for you have returned to me my very best waltzer."

CONDEMNED TO MARRY.

How would you like to live in a country where marriage is compulsory, and where every woman is certain of securing a husband? In Siam, every woman who has reached a certain age without finding a husband can be registered as one of the "young daughters of the king"; that is, the king must provide her with a husband. This duty is discharged very simply. If any male Siamese commits a crime he is neither fined nor sent to prison, but is condemned to marry one of the women officially under the protection of the king.

THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS.

Post Office Department Buys Thousands of Scales.

Postmaster General Hitchcock recently placed the largest single order for scales ever made—30,000. They are to be used in post offices for the parcels-post service, and will cost $77,300. Two hundred of the large offices and their branches will be supplied with automatic, springless scales, and 10,000 smaller offices will be equipped with high-grade beam scales. Other offices will receive the best spring balances, each with a capacity of 20 pounds.

Uncle Sam Studies Italian Tomatoes.

Burton Howard, of the department of agriculture, at Washington, has spent some time in traveling throughout Italy and visiting manufactures of tomato sauce. While four centuries ago Italy had no tomatoes, they now form a principal condiment of all her dishes, including the national macaroni. This vegetable, which had been cultivated in England purely as a decoration in gardens and was called the love apple, was originally imported from America, while now America imports the largest amount of tomato sauce from Italy.

Loose Electricity Threatens Big Buildings.

An enemy to the skyscraper has been brought to public notice in the last few months, that may result in some disaster, if means are not promptly taken to guard against it. It has an old name, electrolysis, and its results are the electrolytic corrosion of the water and gas pipe and all steel and iron bodies that are in contact with the damp earth, along which stray electric currents may travel seeking an easy way of return to their source, the power house.

For years electrolysis has been the friend of man and until now it has been his servant. Just now it seems to be his master and has passed from his control. The brightest minds in the electrical world are grappling with the problem of protection of our steel buildings and bridges from the insidious attacks of this subtle enemy—the result of the almost universal electrification of our street railroads and power ultilities.

A stray electric current having once entered the piping systems of any city will find its way to every steel structure and pipe line in that city, and is farther beyond control than any epidemic that may find its source in the contaminated water supply. Both may result in loss of life and damage to property.

Concrete is a much better conductor than damp earth, and it is not imagination to say that pounds of steel are being carried from the bases of the steel columns supporting our high office buildings to the damp earth and concrete in which these bases are buried. In a series of tests, recently made in Chicago, it was shown that 251 amperes were flowing out of a State Street building over a three-inch gas pipe, a six-inch water pipe, and from the steel of the building to the tunnel rails, connection having been made between the latter by a copper cable. The maximum voltage found, as shown by the recording voltmeter, was eight volts. At the same time indications were to the effect that sometimes no less than 475 amperes flowed out of the building in one hour, or, in other words, that electrolytic corrosion would be eating away the steel which came in contact with the damp earth at the rate of over a pound per hour.

The water and gas pipe man is well aware of the current his pipes are carrying, for sparks will occur when he severs a pipe, leaky gas will be lighted in the trench when pipes are broken, and shocks to his system by the currents he interrupts have become a common thing with him. A voltmeter will indicate a difference of potential and electrolysis surveys of being made by many of the more progressive cities.

Says Plants Have Eyes.

After long experimenting and study Professor Gottlieb Haberlandt, of the Botanic Institute of Gratz, in Syria, declares that plants, the word taken in its widest sense and including trees, can see.

The professor says that he has succeeded, through photography and the use of the microscope in reproducing the images reflected on the visual organs of plants. The images included objects at different distances, and even persons and houses. Plants may, he says, be classed with the inferior animals in this respect. His observations have been confirmed by Doctor Nuttall and Doctor Harold Wagner.

We are still so ignorant of animal, plant, and insect life (because we do not understand their language) that we fancy the plant, like the insect, is not conscious of what it sees, but that is probably a discovery for the future. At present we are forced to accept the theory that they are not conscious.

But that they do see, Professor Haberlandt says he has satisfactorily proved. He has found the same minute eye such as belongs to bees and other insects in sycamore leaves, in the sugar maple, and in the Peruvian acanthus. The eyes of plants appear different from the eyes of insects in that they have no coloring matter, though this is not yet determined.

The professor is continuing his experiments, and he expects to make further interesting and surprising announcements. He says that the fact that plants and trees have eyes is undoubtedly a proof that all natural life is linked in one long chain.

Unique Method of Seeing the World.

There are many unique ways of seeing the world, but an employee at the Kansas City post office has about the queerest mode of any. This employee handles a good many thousands of letters and post cards during a day's work, and he has never been known to fail to turn a post card over and glance at the view portrayed on the reverse side. He does this when busy or slack, whether the boss is watching or not.

"It makes my work more than 50 per cent pleasanter," he said the other day, "and the knowledge I get of different parts of the world saves me time in traveling to the four corners of the earth. Besides, it is very much cheaper. More than 90 per cent of the views are authentic reproductions of photographs, and, anyway, I am like the fox that could not reach the grapes—I don't like to travel—it makes me sick."

Elk Teeth Growing Scarce.

An expert who visited the Elks' Home recently had something interesting to say concerning the scarcity of real elk teeth. "Several years' experience in the mountains," he remarked, "hunting and trapping where elk was plentiful, has led me to the belief that at the present time no genuine elk teeth can be found in the market. You must remember that only the male elk have whistling teeth, two teeth to each animal, and the teeth are not perfect until the animal is three to four years old, and then at the age of ten or more years the whistlers are damaged by being worn blunt at the point.

"These teeth are located in the upper jaw, one on each side, about two inches in front of the food grinders. They are not connected with the jaw bone like the other teeth. If all the elk in America were slaughtered they would not produce whistling teeth enough to supply one tooth to each member of the Order of Elks. Of late years, under the strict game laws, few elk are allowed to be killed. Twenty years ago it was possible to get quite a few genuine elk teeth here in the East, but even then bogus ones were in circulation. Any member of the order knowing that he has a genuine elk tooth should not part with it for less than fifty dollars."

1,000 Killed in Philippines by Typhoon.

A typhoon which swept over several of the Philippine Islands resulted in the death of more than a thousand persons.

Four unidentified Americans—three men and a little girl—were among those killed.

The coasting steamer *Tayabas* foundered off Escalante. The bodies of fifteen Filipinos and Spaniards were swept ashore.

The typhoon practically wiped out the towns of Bogo, Danao, Toledo, Maasin, and Escalante.

Teased Girl Kills Man in Play.

Leo Hammond, a boarder in the home of John Harris, of Mahwah, N. J., was shot to death as a result of his constant teasing of fifteen-year-old Alice Winters, who works in the Harris household. The girl is the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and after she had cleared off the dinner table and washed the dishes she sat down on the front porch to talk with the boarders for a few moments before going home.

Hammond, who was there with the other boarders, teased the girl about the boys of the neighborhood, calling them "yokels" and "rubes." She endured the chaffing good-naturedly, but pretended to become greatly enraged under the constant fire. Laughingly she declared that if he did not stop she would surely shoot him.

Then, springing up, she rushed into the hallway and seized a shotgun that was

always kept in readiness there for chicken hawks. Still laughing, and not dreaming that it was loaded, she leveled the gun at the young man and pulled both triggers. When the smoke had drifted away Hammond was found dead with the charge of both barrels in his breast. The girl became hysterical and was taken to her father's home.

On the testimony of those who had been on the porch the coroner pronounced it a case of accidental shooting and refused to arrest the girl.

After Years of Silence Man is Crazed by Effort to Talk.

Hiram Black, a deaf mute, 35 years old, has apparently become crazed through his efforts to learn to talk. Up to last year Black could not say a word, but about Christmas time he had acquired the ability to say a few words, such as "Good morning," "Nice day," "Going to rain." He could not tell how he learned to speak, but expressed himself as satisfied that some day he would talk fluently.

Recently he had shown evidence of a weakened mind, and Robert Marling, his uncle, with whom he lived, at Greenwich, Conn., appealed to officials for protection. Sheriff Finnegan took Black to the Givens Sanitarium for observation, upon an order of Judge Tierney, of the Greenwich probate court.

The Oldest Museum in the World.

Recent investigations have shown that the oldest museum in the world may be found in the city of Nara, the former capital of Japan. Since its foundation, in 756, it has gone through all the changes of the Japanese empire without one single addition to its collection. Doctor Otto Kümmel is one of the few Europeans who were permitted to visit this museum. It opens its door but once a year, on a day in spring, when a special committee inspects the collection, and a new list is made out. The museum contains about 3,000 articles, which are said to be the most beautiful specimens of decorative work which have ever been produced by human hand, such as lacquer ware, decorative furniture, enamel ware, cambriclike fabric, et cetera. The origin of the majority of the articles is uncertain; some came from China and others from Korea, but most of them appear to be of a more exotic origin. All, however, came of a time prior to the year 756.

Shot Breaking into Jail.

Edward Fromme, who, when under the influence of liquor, is said to have had a mania for breaking into other people's houses and sleeping there, was shot and killed recently by Sheriff Fred Nelson, at Muskegon, Mich.

According to the officer he attempted to break into the county jail. He was entering the kitchen window of the jail building when the sheriff fired.

Bars Track Gambling in Indiana.

"I shall not permit betting in Indiana. I have given instructions to proper officials to this effect. If they fail to carry out my instructions, I shall displace them."

This was Governor Marshall's declaration after hearing of betting at opening of the fifteen days' race meeting of the Mineral Springs Jockey Club, at Porter, Ind., as he passed through Chicago en route West on a speaking tour.

"I left the duty of enforcing the law in the hands of the attorney general, Thomas M. Honan." Governor Marshall said. "My instructions were positive—'search for all evidence, take advantage of every excuse for prosecution, and wipe gambling out.'

"I want it understood that I am not backing down. Mr. Honan is at work, and there is no doubt we will put the gamblers out of business."

Accounts of the first day's racing indicate that while the betting was not "open," there was opportunity to place bets with bookmakers "on the nod."

Korea After Flies, Too.

Flies are the staple produce of all parts of Korea, and make life simply miserable for the Japanese residing there. Flies are also well known to the mediums for the spread of epidemics. Last year the authorities of Chollado offered to buy flies, and encouraged by their success they will repeat the experiment this year. Last year the police was asked to take the trouble of buying flies with money supplied by philanthropic contributors, and 4.68 koku (1 koku is equal to 5.13 bushels) of flies were bought from May 26 to December 2 for 212.97 yen. This year 5.69 koku have already been bought for 268 yen at 3 to 4 sen a go. Local taxes were appropriated for a portion of the expense required.

The flies are burned on being purchased. Rats are valued at 3 sen a head on the mainland, but flies have never been known to exist in such immense masses before as to acquire monetary value.

Blow Kills Boy Pugilist.

Clyde Lincoln, a seventeen-year-old pugilist of Williamsport, Pa., died in the local hospital at Williamsport from a blow on the jaw received in a boxing contest.

Lincoln essayed to fight ten rounds at Williamsport with Reno Tyson, a colored boxer from Harrisburg. In the fourth round Tyson caught his opponent on the jaw with a right swing. Lincoln fell and was carried out of the ring by his seconds to the hospital; after they had worked for several hours to revive him, but he never regained consciousness.

Tyson was arrested and is held to await the action of the coroner. He will probably be released, as physicians who examined Lincoln declare that he was not physically fit to go into the ring. They assert that the blow, under ordinary circumstances, would not have been more than a knock-out.

Wedding Canceled Because Bridegroom Was Too Poor.

While more than two hundred friends waited in St. Antoninus' Roman Catholic Church, Newark, N. J., to see the marriage ceremony of Miss Loretta E. Joyce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Joyce, of South Ninth Street, that city, to Alexander T. J. Carrigan, of Providence, R. I., the rector of the church, the Very Reverend James R. Hefferman, announced that there would be no wedding.

It developed later that a sister of Carrigan had told Miss Joyce on the night before the wedding that her brother had deceived her, and that he was unable to support her in the fashion that he had pretended to include in his plans.

It is said that Carrigan's sister told Miss Joyce that her brother had no money or prospects, and that he had borrowed $25 in his home city to come to Newark for the wedding.

Miss Joyce is said to have spent a week last August with the parents of Carrigan, and while there the couple picked out a house, and some furniture was bought to furnish it. It is said that Miss Joyce spent about $1,000 in helping to furnish the house.

Joker Floods Stairs of College University.

A practical joker is held responsible for the flooding of Hartley Hall, one of the undergraduates' dormitories of Columbia University. Some one turned on the water at a fire hose on the fifth floor of the building, and a cascade of water came rushing down the stairs for fifteen minutes until the janitor had located the trouble.

The 200 students who lived in the building all turned out, many of them in pajamas, and assisted in putting things to rights. The water was ankle deep in the office and lobby.

Urges Systematic Study of Cranks.

In view of the attempted assassination of Colonel Roosevelt, Arthur MacDonald, the noted criminologist, who for years has been advocating before Congress the establishment of a government laboratory or bureau for the scientific study of the abnormal classes, especially of cranks who are potential assassins, again calls attention to the imperative need of systematically studying this dangerous class in the community in order to limit their activities.

Mr. MacDonald's plan is to make a psychological and sociological study of cranks in general and of dangerous cranks in particular, especially of those who attempt to approach the president and other public men on "important business." He would have all such individuals sent to specialists to be studied, in order that criminologists may accumulate a mass of definite data about this dangerous species of abnormal persons who are popularly labeled "cranks." With more knowledge about the ways of cranks he believes that the nation will be better able to give protection to its executives and other men prominently before the public who are likely to become the victims of assassins.

As a further means of protection, Mr. MacDonald would have legislation enacted making it a misdemeanor to publish the names of such criminals as Guiteau, Czolgosz, and Schrank in newspapers, magazines, and books, in order to lessen the potential criminal's hope for glory, renown, or notoriety, which is frequently a great incentive to the commission of such spectacular crimes.

In an article entitled "Assassins of Rulers," published originally in *The Journal of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology*, Mr. MacDonald points out that the assassins of rulers are usually vain, irritable, impulsive, and mystical. They are generally proud of their crime, protest indignantly if called insane, and cling to their delusions until the end. If circumstances are not favorable to the development of their fixed idea, it may remain dormant and harmless for a long time, until it finds food for development in the events of the day, in political dissen-

sions, economic controversies, violent books, and other publications. Then the fixed delusion of the crank generally finds its logical expression in such crimes as the attacks upon Colonel Roosevelt and Mayor Gaynor.

Duck Shooting from Aeroplane.

Duck shooting has been added to the list of aviation sports. Lincoln Beachey, the airman, and Lieutenant L. H. Brereton, of the army had the experience, and they declared, as they picked the bones to toothsome red-heads, that the thing was easy and exhilarating.

Beachey and Brereton started out from the army aviation school, at the War College, in a Curtis hydroaëroplane for a spin along the Potomac. They had not gone very far when they fairly ran into a flock of wild ducks. Beachey had the wheel. As the ducks rose, Brereton pulled an army automatic revolver from its holster at his side and blazed away at the flock. One of the ducks tumbled.

This was too much for Beachey. He had an automatic revolver, too. Getting a firm grasp on the wheel with his left hand, he drew his weapon and began firing at the panic-stricken ducks and brought down two. Then he put on more power, and the machine, flying through the air, got fairly into the flock. The two aviators blazed away again, and one of them dropped another duck. The presence of the big white-winged machine among them caused the ducks to put on an extra burst of speed, and Beachey was unable to keep pace with them. When the flock had disappeared Beachey turned the hydroaëroplane, and, skimming along the water, picked up the four ducks that had dropped.

Beachey and Brereton were a little worried, though, over the thought that they had violated the game laws. The Potomac forms the boundary between Maryland and Virginia, but the aviators were unable to say in which State they did the shooting.

Foreign Vessels Barred from Harbors to Protect Military Secrets.

For the protection of military secrets of the United States, President Taft has issued an executive order forbidding foreign vessels to enter the following ports without the special authority of the navy department:

Tortugas, Fla.; Great Harbor, Culebra; Guantanamo, Cuba; Pearl Harbor, Hawaii; Guam and Subig Bay, Philippine Islands.

These ports are American naval bases. The order declared that they were not subports of entry, and should not be made such. It specifically closes the harbors to commercial and privately owned vessels of foreign register, as well as to the warships of foreign powers, unless the secretary of the navy sanction their entry.

Twelve Out of Fifteen Athletic Teams at Columbia Fail to Pay Expenses.

Twelve of Columbia's fifteen athletic teams faced deficits last year, according to the financial statement of the association, which was announced recently. The varsity basket ball, freshman basket ball, and varsity rifle teams were the only organizations that came out on the credit side of the ledger, with a total surplus of $707.54.

The crew ran up a deficit of more than $5,000, while the track team went into the hole to the extent of $1,520. Swimming and water polo lost $536 and soccer $322. The hockey team, which played a championship game all through the season, lost $495, and it cost $476 to bring the fencing team out all square. The total deficit of the teams made up by the association is $8,903.46.

The receipts of the association in the form of membership dues from the alumni, members of the faculty, and students amounted to more than $7,500. The university appropriated $2,500 and $513.33 was received as interest from the football fund, which was left when football was abolished at Columbia in 1905.

The total disbursements were $13,065.34. The soccer team has a reserve fund of $93.36, and the rowing club has a balance of $44.95. The athletic association has a balance of $310.65.

New Company to Develop Philippines.

Papers incorporating the American Philippine Company of New York, with a capital stock of $5,000,000, were filed at the state department recently.

The company is incorporated to prospect for and develop lands of all kinds, and to deal in all kinds of vegetable and mineral substances. The State tax paid with the filing of the charter was $350.

High Schools Show Immense Growth.

More than a million and a quarter boys and girls will attend the American high schools, public, and private, during the school year 1912-13, according to the estimate of Doctor P. P. Claxton, United States commissioner of education. Doctor Claxton has been assured by Alexander Summers, statistician of the bureau, who has made a special study of the matter, that the estimate is a conservative one. Of the number given, 1,100,000 are estimated for the public high schools, and 150,000 for the private secondary schools.

The American high school has grown phenomenally in the past dozen years, its development in the last two or three years being apparently greater than in the remarkable decade just preceding. Since the twentieth century opened, the number of students is easily twice what it was at the beginning of the century. The most cheering feature of the whole matter for the American citizen is the very great increase in the proportion of those who go from the grades into the high school. Formerly (only a very few years ago, in fact) the high school was chiefly attended by children of the rich and moderately well to do. To-day nearly one-fourth of the children who enter the elementary school eventually pass into the high school. The exact figure is 22 per cent if negro children are included, and 25 per cent if whites only are considered. This is particularly significant, since certain critics of the public high schools have, through a misunderstanding of the official reports, contended that a much smaller percentage than is here given had the opportunity of high-school training. The fact remains that from 22 to 25 of every 100 children who enter the schools at all go into the high school.

Almost equally significant for public education is the fact that by far the most rapid growth has been in the public high schools. The private secondary schools show a healthy increase—25 per cent in attendance since 1900; but the public high schools have actually doubled their attendance in the same period. To make the comparison on another basis: In 1890 40 out of every 100 high schools were private, and 60 public; in 1900 the proportion had changed to 23 and 77; and to-day there are only 16 private secondary schools for every 84 public high schools. As to number of students: In 1890 32 per cent of the pupils were in private high schools and 68 per cent in public; to-day only 12 per cent of the pupils are in private secondary schools. Is it any wonder that the people believe in their high school and give but scant attention to the occasional hostile criticism that is heard? The public high school is winning because the people are satisfied that it is doing its work; they realize what it has meant to the rising standard of American citizenship.

The people have shown their appreciation of their high school in the most direct way possible—by supporting it unfailingly and generously. They have faith enough in it to pay huge sums of money year after year that the high school may do greater and greater work. More and more attention is being paid to high-school education. Million-dollar school buildings are going up in American cities—palaces, one might call them, did not the word suggest idleness, and there is no idleness in the present-day high school. Industry, technical ability, homemaking, together with the essentials of a cultural education, are being taught to our boys and girls in the splendid high schools of to-day on a scale that was never dreamed of in the civic life of any nation before our time.

Commissioner Claxton's widely quoted statement of some months ago to the effect that he looked forward to the time when all boys and girls would have at least a high-school education seems likely of fulfillment sooner than even the commissioner himself anticipated.

England Plans Big Air Fleet.

Following recent experiments, the British admiralty has determined on a big increase in the number of hydroaëroplanes at the flying station at Eastchurch.

It has been shown that from a height of 1,000 feet a bomb can be dropped down a warship's funnel with the utmost accuracy. To guard against this the new British warships are to be armorclad on the decks as well as the sides, and the tops of the funnels will be covered.

With Seven Names, this Man Gets a Job.

Thomas Adolphus Bamber Augustus Richardsson Gascoyne Coidlatte—who is not a syndicate, but just one man, bearing what proud friends say is the longest name borne by any man in New Jersey, was appointed by Mayor George N. Seger, of Passaic, recently, to fill a vacancy on the school board.

Et cetera Brown is president of the Young Men's Christian Association and a member of the board of trade and the Republican Club. He gained prominence several years ago when, after the trust had absorbed the Standard Oilcloth Works, of which he was founder, he started an independent company, and made it a big success.

Few Clergymen Educated at Harvard Now.

Harvard University, founded chiefly to educate clergymen, now gives to that profession barely two per cent of her graduates; Yale, begun under similar impulses, now contributes three per cent. The de-

cline in the number of young men going into the ministry has been accompanied by a rise in the professions of teaching, law, and business. All three have been more or less consistent gainers at the expense of the ministry. A final summary of thirty-seven representative colleges shows that teaching is now the dominant profession of college graduates, making a full twenty-five per cent. The ministry, with its present five or six per cent of the total, has reached the lowest mark for that profession in the two and half centuries of American college history.

Young Man's Heroism Wins a Bride.

The heroism displayed by Frederick Brown, of Twenty-fifth Street, Bayonne, N. J., last summer, when he rescued two brothers, four and six years old, respectively, from drowning in the Kill von Kull, was rewarded recently when, amid a host of friends, he married Miss Wells, of Jersey City.

Early last month Miss Wells was one of a pleasure party going to Midland Beach. At the time the two little boys, William and James Smith, of Rathbun Avenue, were playing on the docks. Suddenly the younger of the two fell overboard. His brother, without hesitation, sprang after him. The shout of Miss Wells attracted the attention of Brown, who was walking along First Street. He jumped into the river, and brought the boys ashore after a desperate struggle.

Our Dentistry in Norway.

Children in the public schools of Stavanger, Norway, are treated with the aid of American dental apparatus by a dentist who received his postgraduate dental education in the United States.

This year two rooms were fitted up as dental clinics. Twice during the school year the children are to have their teeth examined. If any defects are found, the dentist will hand to the child a card to take home to the parents, asking their consent to treatment, the work to be done for the child free of charge. The 800 children in the first grade, whose teeth are under observation this year, will continue to be treated when they pass into succeeding grades, so that eventually the plan will spread automatically to the entire school system. The dental rooms are open every day, 9 to 11 a. m. for boys, and 3 to 5 p. m. for the girls.

The Needs of Exceptional Children Given Attention.

Not the feeble-minded and degenerate child alone, but also the handicapped normal child, needs special attention in our schools, according to the announcement of the National Association for the Study of Exceptional Children. The third annual conference of the association was held in New York, October 30 and 31. It was devoted to the educational and social rights of exceptional children of the handicapped type, in contradistinction to the care of the comparatively small number of feeble-minded and degenerate, who must be provided for in separate institutions, and for whom there is usually little possibility of educational development in the usual sense of the word.

The significance of the problem lies in the fact that there are far more exceptional children of this type, which includes also children apparently retarded, than there are of the class of real defectives and degenerates.

Convicted by Footprint on Bible.

His footprint recorded on the dusty cover of a Bible sent Will Hargraves to the penitentiary for two years at Denton, Tex., after his trial for burglary.

Hargraves robbed a grocery store at Roanoke, near Denton. The grocer next morning discovered the Bible on the floor, with the footprint upon it. This imprint corresponded exactly with the shoe of Hargraves. He had bought shoes just before the burglary at the store.

When confronted with the Bible and the story of his footprint the defendant broke down, confessed, and was sentenced.

Seek Antique Ivory Crucifix.

A search has been begun in Los Angeles, Cal., for an antique ivory crucifix, valued at $50,000 which was mysteriously stolen in New York in May, 1907. Captain of Detectives Flammer received advices from the New York police asking him to find a man named Stevens who is supposed to know either of the theft or of the present location of the precious antique.

This crucifix has been attributed by art connoisseurs to Michael Angelo, and whether his work or not it is believed to be at least 350 years old. For many years it was part of a famous art collection from which it disappeared mysteriously. It is said that J. Pierpont Morgan had offered $50,000 for it shortly before it disappeared. The crucifix is three feet high and very heavy.

To Establish Wireless from Scandinavia.

According to the *Daily Telegraph's* Copenhagen correspondent, the wireless inventor, Waldemar Poulsen, whose patents were recently purchased by an English company, intends to establish wireless communication between Scandinavia and America via an intermediate station in South Greenland.

Yankee Money Flows to Fill Greek War Chest.

Examination of the postal records at Boston confirms the statement of those in touch with the situation in Greece that the Pan-Hellenic Union has been preparing for a Grecian war for years. The postal money order department for the past two years has been doing a heavy business in funds sent back from this country to Greece, and the past month, since the situation became strained in the Balkans, the amount of business has increased greatly.

The situation that developed in the West, where heavy withdrawals by Greeks from the postal-savings bank caused the local bank officials to appeal to Washington for financial aid, has not been apparent in any degree in Boston. There have been practically no withdrawals there that could be traced to such a source. This is attributed by those who are familiar with local conditions to the fact that the great majority of Greeks in Boston and Massachusetts do not maintain bank accounts.

The great bulk of the 3,000 Greeks in Greater Boston are artisans, working in factories, none of whom are in a financial position to maintain extensive bank accounts.

This class of the Hellenic people are almost to a man members of the union, and since the foundation of that world-wide organization, nearly a decade ago, have contributed largely to the fund that has been sent back to Greece for war purposes. They work for a weekly wage, live frugally, accumulate what spare money they can in a belt worn on the person, and, when the accumulation is sufficient, it is forwarded to Greece.

This state of affairs is borne out by the postal money-order business.

Could Not Keep this Office Boy Down.

Winfield Scott Tinsman, elected recently as chairman of the General Managers' Association of Chicago and of the Association of Western Railways, has worked his way up from the bottom of the ladder. He entered the railway service in 1882 at Trenton, Mo., as office boy for the Rock Island line, and continued as an employee of the same road until he had climbed from telegraph operator to the position of general manager at Chicago. Last February he was appointed assistant to President Mudge, of the Rock Island.

Mayor of Winnipeg Started in Humble Way.

Richard Dean Waugh, mayor of Winnipeg, and recently elected vice president of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, though immensely wealthy began his career as a junior clerk in a Winnipeg law office. He came from Scotland at the age of fifteen. Land possibilities attracted him when a little older, and to real estate and financial maneuvering is due his fortune. He is a champion of the good-roads movement in his neighborhood, and is known as the pioneer worker for the public baths and playgrounds in the city. He is a member of several athletic clubs, and is an enthusiast at curling, cricket, and swimming.

Crazed by Heat in Stokehold Two Men Go Mad.

Crazed by intense heat of the Red Sea two men employed in the stokehold of the British steamship *Kabinga*, which arrived at Boston recently from Calcutta and Colombo, went mad, according to reports of the freighter's officers. Both were lascars, supposed to be immune from disastrous effects of high temperatures. One, Mohamed Ah Abdul, known to Captain Skelt and the other Europeans aboard as No. 23, jumped into the sea and was rescued with difficulty. It required four hours to resuscitate him. The other, Akir Amdmuzel, ran wildly about the deck screaming that he would die. Death stopped Amdmuzel's career while he was whirling like a dervish and his mates were trying to take him unawares. Later that day the body was buried with weird East Indian ceremony, a quantity of provisions and cooking utensils being consigned to the deep with the weighted corpse.

Rear Admiral Young Dead.

Rear Admiral Lucian Young, U. S. N., died recently at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York, of a hemorrhage, after an illness of one day. Lucian Young, was born at Lexington, Ky., March 21, 1852, the son of Richard Bosworth Young. He was appointed to the Naval Academy from Kentucky and was graduated in 1873. His early career in the navy was marked by many episodes that proved his courage under conditions of excitement and danger. He won

many medals and testimonials by saving the lives of his fellows in the service. He was sent on special duty to the Paris exposition in 1878, was for a long time in the departments of war and the navy in Washington, and was in service in Hawaii at the time of the revolution. From 1899 to 1900 he was captain of the port of Havana, and then was made commandant of the United States naval station at Havana. At the time of the San Francisco earthquake he was captain of the Mare Island Navy Yard and received the commendation of the secretary of the navy for his part in the relief work. From Mare Island he was transferred to Key West. He was promoted to the rank of rear admiral in 1910. Besides "The Real Hawaii," his books include a work on navigation and a volume on archæological researches in Peru. Admiral Young married in Washington, in June, 1895, Belle Parker, of Virginia. He had no children.

Discover How to Make Ice Cream from Sour Milk.

Here is the Kansas Agricultural College's recipe for sour milk ice cream, vouched for in an official bulletin just issued: If wanted for Sunday dinner, allow a half-pint bottle of milk to sour and become curdled about the middle of the week. Saturday morning pour this into a gallon of skimmed milk, and let stand until Sunday morning. Then add three pounds of sugar, four eggs beaten separately, a small quantity of lemon juice, and enough grape juice or any other flavoring to suit. Freeze in the usual manner in an ice-cream freezer.

Doctor His Visits Us.

Doctor William His, considered by the medical profession as the greatest living authority on the human heart, recently came to this country for the first time, being a delegate to the Congress of Hygiene and Demography. He is best known as the discoverer of "the His bundle," the muscles that connect the heart chambers. Doctor His laid the foundation for most of the recent advances made in the study of heart diseases. He is privy councilor, professor of internal medicine at the University of Berlin, and director of the first medical clinic at the Royal Charite Hospital, Berlin.

New German Envoy to London.

Prince Lichnowsky, of Germany, has been appointed ambassador to London, succeeding the late Baron Marschall von Bieberstein.

Prince Lichnowsky is 52 years old and a soldier diplomat. After leaving the army he was attached to the diplomatic service in Stockholm, Constantinople, Dresden, Bucharest, and Vienna, retiring from active duty in 1904. He is a member of the Prussian House of Lords.

Record of World Series Games.

So much interest was taken throughout the country over the postseason ball games between Boston and New York, that it is interesting to note that baseball games between rival major league champion clubs began in 1884. Providence in that year played a series of games with the Metropolitan team of this city, the latter proving easy victims for the Rhode Island team. In the following year the Chicago White Stockings won the National League pennant, while St. Louis headed the American Association clubs. The result was a tie. The same two clubs were successful in 1887, when St. Louis won the championship. In 1887 Detroit defeated St. Louis for the title by 15 games to 6.

New York's first victory of a world's series was in 1888, when the St. Louis club went down to defeat by 6 games to 4. The Giants and Brooklyns were the contenders for the title in 1889, when New York won, 6 game to 3. The following year, 1890, was the year of the Brotherhood war, Brooklyn and Louisville played for the championship, each team winning two games.

There was no series in 1891, but in 1892 Boston captured the honors from St. Louis. The Temple Cup series began in 1893 and lasted four years. New York won from Baltimore in 1894, Cleveland defeated Baltimore in 1895, Balimore won it back from Cleveland in 1896, and in 1897 Baltimore won it from Boston.

Between the years 1897 and 1903 there were no world's series games. In the latter year Boston and Pittsburgh fought out a memorable series, Boston winning the last four games straight. New York won the National League pennant in 1904, but refused to play Boston, the American League winners, for the championship, but in 1905 the Giants defeated the Philadelphia Athletics, 3 games to 2. The two Chicago teams battled for the title in 1906, the White Sox carrying off a notable victory.

The Cubs had an easy time defeating Detroit in 1907, with four games straight. Pittsburgh won from Detroit in 1909, and in 1910 the Philadelphia Athletics triumphed over the Chicago Cubs, 4 games to 1. The world's series of last year proved to be the greatest spectacle in the history of the sport, when Baker, the Athletics' third baseman, made himself famous with his home runs off Mathewson and Marquard, and proved an important factor in the Athletic victories over the Giants.

May Reform Chinese Language.

A reformation of the Chinese language seems not unlikely, for the educational conference which recently met in Peking, headed by the minister of education, has passed resolutions looking toward the adoption of a phonetic alphabet. It was made clear that the ignorance of the common people is due in large measure to the difficulties of the Chinese written language.

Harvard's Strong Man.

Huntington R. Hardwick, of Quincy, Mass., is the champion strong man of Harvard, according to the exhaustive tests recently made under the supervision of the physical director.

Hardwick got a total of 1,271.1 points. This mark is lower than that of F. T. Huntington, of the class of 1912, who held the championship last year. Huntington's total was 1,303. Hardwick is a player on the varsity football team.

Went to Social Outing in Hearse.

Ten members of the United Democratic Club, of North Bergen, Hudson County, N. J., went to the outing of the club at College Point, L. I., through the courtesy of an undertaker.

The steamboat *Nassau* was scheduled to leave Hoboken at 10 o'clock. The 10 members started from home too late to reach it by trolley. They knew a fast auto would be stopped, so in their dilemma they appealed to an undertaker with an automobile ambulance, sometimes used as a hearse.

The auto ambulance was hustled to Hoboken in record time with police giving it the right of way. The *Nassau* was casting off when the 10 arrived and scrambled aboard.

Holland Farmers Now Have Own Gas Plants.

In some parts of Holland the farmers have recently taken the hint from nature, and as the result have their own gas plants. On the drained marshy land, below the sea level, natural gas is quite plentiful, and plants have been installed to put it to practical use. The installation comprises a well, into which water from the soil filters, with a gas generator placed therein, this extracting the gaseous properties from the water and conducting them to a reservoir containing a supply for the house. The gas thus obtained provides all the wants for cooking, heating, and lighting in the house or any other part of the farmyard. After the plant is once installed, which is at a small expense, the cost is absolutely nothing, and the quality of the gas is said to be particularly good.

A Plot to Kill Gladstone Revealed.

Letters of the late Justin McCarthy, long the leader of the Irish party in Parliament, to his literary collaborator, Mrs. Campbell Praed, published recently, gives details of a plot to assassinate Mr. Gladstone, the famous English statesman, at Cannes just after the arrest of James Carey, the leader of the Phoenix Park murderers in 1882.

An Irish member of Parliament told Mr. McCarthy that he had received information through a reliable Fenian source that a well-known desperado named Cuplain had arrived at Cannes from the United States with the object of killing the premier.

Mr. McCarthy informed Herbert Gladstone, who was then in London. The latter took certain steps and told Mr. McCarthy the next day that he had reason to believe that the man had left Cannes.

Mr. McCarthy expressed the hope that nothing would ever be told to Mr. Gladstone himself, and Herbert Gladstone seemed to assent to the suggestion.

Insisted on His Rights and Got Them.

J. R. Wakefield, a New York attorney employed by the Federal government, caused the Harriman railway system to haul an extra Pullman car 200 miles from Portland, Wash., to Seattle because he would not change cars at Portland.

Wakefield had train and Pullman tickets from Ogden to Seattle, calling, he says, for through trip without change. Reaching Portland, all passengers in his Pullman were requested to change to another Pullman for Puget Sound. All others complied. Wakefield told the Pullman conductor and the Harriman employees that he would insist on his rights by refusing to change cars.

Higher officials were called in. They urged Wakefield to "be reasonable." He gave them a legal dissertation outlining his rights and theirs. The Puget Sound train was held while still higher operating and traffic officials conferred. The outcome

was the decision that the Harriman transportation contract must be made good. Wakefield's Pullman was attached to a Sound train. He rode seven hours alone.

Recently Resigned Governor of Newfoundland Had Long Career.

Sir Ralph Williams, who has resigned as governor of Newfoundland, has had a long diplomatic career, during which he has been in many important situations. For a time he was treasurer of Gibraltar and sat on the gate to the East. Then he was secretary at Barbadoes and saw a quarter of the population swept off the earth by a hurricane. But it was in Africa that he had his largest experience, ruling over blacks and Boers. He first saw the Dark Continent in 1882, during a hunting trip. In 1901 he was made governor of Bechuanaland, with C. M. G. as a decoration of merit. Sir Ralph was appointed governor of Newfoundland about three years ago. He is sixty-four years of age, and in retiring does so to spend the remainder of his life in leisure.

Aviators Plunge to Bay.

Sailing into a faulty pocket of air, just after they started from the Naval Academy on a trip to Washington, Lieutenants G. H. Ellyson and B. L. Smith, of the navy aviation corps, had the most serious accident which has occurred since the establishment of the flying school at Annapolis.

Neither Ellyson nor Smith were hurt, beyond few contusions and a plunge into the waters of the harbor, but their hydro-aëroplane was completely demolished. They had been skimming along on the surface of the water for half a mile, and had taken to the air attaining a height of about twenty-five feet when the accident occurred. A navy launch picked up the aviators.

Lightning Plays Strange Pranks on Ship.

The freight ship *Dinsdalehall* arrived from Huelva, Spain, at New York recently, with a cargo of iron ore and a tale of an electric storm which played weird pranks on members of the crew and shattered the foremast of the vessel.

The *Dinsdalehall* left Huelva on September 14 with her hold filled to the hatches with pyrites. She was commanded by Captain Clark and manned by a crew of thirty-five men. For nearly two weeks the weather held good and all was serene. But one night the sky suddenly became overcast and the distant roll of thunder was heard.

The storm broke with a bombardment of hail. The upper decks were soon covered with hailstones as large as hickory nuts, which descended with such force that the men were driven to shelter. The ship, laden with metal, seemed to be the storm's center of attraction. The lightning played perilously close to her, and the roar of the thunder was deafening.

The man at the wheel had to steer by guesswork, for the needle of the compass was spinning first one way and then the other in a startling and bewildering manner.

The storm reached its height at midnight. Captain Clark was on the bridge, anxiously watching, with his pipe clenched between his teeth. There was a blinding flash which was almost simultaneous with a crackling sound followed by a roar like the booming of a great cannon. The vessel trembled under the shock and the foremast fell to the deck with a crash.

Captain Clark said that for several minutes after the ship was struck he was stunned and could not move. His pipe, he said, had been knocked from his mouth, and he found later that his watch had stopped, and the nails in the heels of his shoes had been melted. Except for the temporary shocks he himself was uninjured.

The man at the wheel fared somewhat worse. He was hurled violently to the deck and did not regain consciousness for several hours. He said he could remember nothing but a blinding flash of light. He wore a gold cross hung on a chain about his neck, and this was silhouetted in black on his chest. The marks did not disappear for several days.

The cook, who had cowered in the gallery during the storm, swore that he had seen a ball of fire as big as an orange jump out of the stove and explode in the air. He said it came down the flue and knocked the lid off the range. It was noticed later that every hair on the ship's cat was standing erect, although the feline herself was in a perfectly peaceable mood.

The *Dinsdalehall* proceeded to Erie Basin for repairs. About twenty feet of her foremast was missing, and the stump was blackened as if by fire. Her crew thinks that her cargo, which was apparently not affected, was responsible for her being struck by lightning.

Harvard Secures Most Valuable Collection of Stellar Photographs.

At Cambridge, Mass., there now exists the most extensive and valuable collection of stellar photographs in the world, numbering over 240,000; and 100,000, or more, of them have been secured at Harvard University observatory, at Arequipa, Peru, at an elevation of 8,000 feet. The number of stars revealed on the different plates depends, of course, on the density of the part of the sky being photographed, and on the length of the exposure, the longer the exposure, the more stars, provided the light of the sky does not fog the plate. On one plate alone, namely the region about Eta Carinæ, 240,000 stars have been actually counted.

Investigators Say this Country is on Verge of Beef Scarcity.

Uncle Sam soon may be obliged to send to South America for his beef, if there is not an increase in cattle raising in the United States, and this in spite of the fact that, considering the type and animals, it is estimated this country produces about one-third of the beef supply of the world.

This is the conclusion of Herbert W. Mumford, chief in animal husbandry, and Louis D. Hall, assistant chief, of the college of agriculture of the University of Illinois, after devoting much time to an investigation of economic factors in cattle feeding.

Argentina, it is explained, has steadily nudged the United States for its place in the world's beef trade until one day in 1910 the South American republic stepped to the head of the column. The total exports of live cattle and beef in 1910 were approximately $29,000,000 from Argentina, $24,000,000 from the United States, and $11,000,000 from Canada. In 1905 the value of the total exports from this country totaled $72,000,000. Argentina's $24,000,000, and Canada's $15,000,000.

The chief causes are given as the increase in population in the United States is greater in proportion to population than is that of most European countries in which agriculture is the leading industry. Excepting Denmark, we have more than twice the number of cattle per capita found in any European country. This helps to explain the large export trade in beef cattle and beef, which we maintained until recently, but which is now rapidly declining.

Professor Mumford and his assistant assert that as soon as population becomes more dense, live-stock production must be abandoned gradually in order to render a larger production of grain and vegetable products directly available for human food. They say also it is impossible for many farmers under normal conditions, to raise or feed cattle on land worth $100 to $200 per acre. Statistics are quoted to demonstrate that a dense population and an intensive system of farming do not necessarily involve a decrease in the cattle-raising industry; but on the other hand, it appears to increase. In general, in other countries the value of land increases more or less directly in proportion to the increase in population, from which it is apparent cattle raising has not been found incompatible with high-priced land.

Beef production is clearly in an undeveloped state in the United States, for this country produces a small number of cattle in comparison with its great area. Uncle Sam's cattle raisers produce twenty-three cattle a square mile, being one-eleventh in a scale which begins with Belgium and its 164 a square mile and ends with Canada with two cattle a square mile.

Boston Fans Give Stahl an Automobile.

Boston fandom's tribute to the work of J. Garland Stahl, manager of the champion Red Sox, found expression in the presentation to him of a motor car. The gift was made just before the second of the world's series games, between Boston and New York, and 35,000 spectators wildly voiced their emphatic approval.

The car, splendid in its newness and literally covered with flowers, was taken to the diamond shortly before two o'clock. In it sat Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston, who was to make the presentation address. When the car reached the place directly in front of the grand stand, several of the Red Sox players, including Manager Stahl, entered it, and the mayor, in a pleasant little speech, formally presented the car to Mr. Stahl.

This car was paid for by subscriptions of Boston followers of baseball. There were more than 3,000 contributors, and the amounts subscribed ranged from one cent to $100. The Boston *American* collected the money for this car and a committee of well-known men chose the make. The car itself is of the regular white "30" design, and is fully equipped.

Strange Hive for These Bees.

Nobody had ever thought of bees making a home in a side wheeler pencil sharpener, and so Elmer Carney, auditor of Hardin County, Ohio, was thoroughly unprepared for what happened when he stuck a pencil into the sharpener on his desk and began to turn the crank. Thirteen honey makers, with their buzzers working at the highest pitch, made their exit from the small circular hole at the bottom of the machine.

The Nick Carter Weekly

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY **BEAUTIFUL COLORED COVERS**

When it comes to detective stories worth while, the NICK CARTER WEEKLY contains the only ones that should be considered. They are not overdrawn tales of bloodshed. They rather show the workings of one of the finest minds ever conceived by a writer.

The name of Nick Carter is familiar all over the world and the stories of his adventures are read eagerly by millions, in twenty different languages. No other stories have withstood the severe test of time so well as those contained in the NICK CARTER WEEKLY. It proves conclusively that they are best.

We give herewith a list of all the back numbers in print. You can have your news-dealer order them or they will be sent direct by the publishers to any address upon receipt of the price in money or postage-stamps.

522—The White Arm of a Woman.
523—The Man in the Doorway.
524—The Plot of the Baron.
525—The Passenger on the Night Local.
526—A Double Mystery.
527—Clarice, the Countess.
531—A Blackmailer's Paradise.
532—Gipsy Madge, the Blackmailer.
533—Facing an Unseen Terror.
534—Idayah, the Woman of Mystery.
537—Zanabayah, the Terrible.
538—The Seven-headed Monster.
539—The Woman of the Mask.
540—The Masked Woman's Daring Plot.
543—Black Madge's Vengeance.
544—A Tragedy of the Footlights.
545—The Maynard Woman's Double
546—Three Against Fifteen.
547—A Mystery of Two Passengers.
549—The House of Secrets.
550—The Lost Bank President.
551—Ralph Bolton's Double Plot.
552—The Dare-devil Crook.
553—A Mystery from the Klondyke.
554—Returned from the Grave.
555—The Mystery Man of 7-Up Ranch.
556—A Bad Man of Montana.
557—The Man from Arizona.
558—Kid Curry's Last Stand.
559—A Beautiful Anarchist.
560—The Nihilist's Second Move.
561—The Brotherhood of Free Russia.
562—A White House Mystery.
563—The Great Spy System.
564—The Last of Mustushimi.
566—A Mystery in India Ink.
567—The Plot of the Phantons.
568—The Criminal Trust.
569—The Syndicate of Crooks.
570—The Order of the Python.
571—Tried for His Life.
572—A Bargain With a Thief.
573—Peters, the Shrewd Crook.
574—The Mystery of the Empty Grave.
575—The Yellow Beryl.
576—The Dead Man on the Roof.
577—A Double-barreled Puzzle.
578—An Automobile Duel.
579—Jasper Ryan's Counter Move.
580—An International Conspiracy.
581—Plotters Against a Nation.
582—Mignon Duprez, the Female Spy.
583—A Mystery of High Society.
584—A Million Dollars Reward.
585—The Signal of Seven Shots.
586—The "Shadow."
587—A Dead Man's Secret.
588—A Victim of Magic.
589—A Plot Within a Palace.
590—The Countess Zeta's Defense.
591—The Princess' Last Effort.
592—The Two Lost Crittendens.
593—Miguel, the Avenger.
594—Eulalia, the Bandit Queen.
595—The Crystal Mystery.
596—A Battle of Wit and Skill.
597—Vanderdyken, the Millionaire.
598—Patsy's Vacation Problem.
599—The King's Prisoner.
600—A Woman to the Rescue.
601—Nick Carter in Japan.
602—Talika, the Geisha Girl.
603—By Order of the Emperor.
604—The Convict's Secret.
605—The Man in the Dark.
606—An Anarchist Plot.
607—The Mysterious Mr. Peters.
608—A Woman at Bay.
609—The Balloon Tragedy.
610—Nick Carter's Strangest Case.
611—The Stolen Treasure.
612—The Island of Fire.
613—The Senator's Plot.
614—The Madness of Morgan.
615—A Million-dollar Hold-up.
616—Nick Carter's Submarine Clue.
617—Under the Flag of Chance.
618—The Case Against Judge Bernard.
619—Down to the Grave.
620—The Fatal Javelin.
621—The Ghost of Nick Carter.
622—A Strange Coincidence.
623—Pauline's Mystery.
624—A Woman of Plots.
625—A Millionaire Swindler.
626—The Money Schemers.
627—The Trail of the Moon.
628—The House of Mystery.
629—The Disappearance of Monsieur Gereaux.
630—An Heiress to Millions.
631—The Man in the Biograph.
632—The Time-lock Puzzle.
633—The Moving Picture Mystery.
634—The Tiger-tamer.
635—A Strange Bargain.
636—The Haunted Circus.
637—The Secret of a Private Room.
638—A Mental Mystery.
639—The Sealed Envelope.
640—The Message in Blue.
641—A Dream of Empire.
642—The Detective's Disappearance
643—The Midnight Marauders.
644—The Child of the Jungle.
645—Nick Carter's Satanic Enemy.
646—Three Times Stolen.
647—The Great Diamond Syndicate
648—The House of the Yellow Door
649—The Triangle Clue.
650—The Hollingsworth Puzzle.
651—The Affair of the Missing Bonds.
652—The Green Box Clue.
653—The Taxi-cab Mystery.
654—The Mystery of a Hotel Room.
655—The Tragedy of the Well.
656—The Black Hand.
657—The Black Hand Nemesis.
658—A Masterly Trick.
659—A Dangerous Man.
660—Castor, the Poisoner.
661—The Castor Riddle.
662—A Tragedy of the Bowery.
663—Four Pages of Paper.
664—The Secret of the Mine.
665—The Dead Man in the Car.
666—Nick Carter's Master Struggle.
667—The Air-shaft Spectre.
668—The Broken Latch.
669—Nick Carter's Sudden Peril.
670—The Man with the Missing Thumb.
671—Feltman, the "Fence."
672—A Night with Nick Carter.
673—In the Nick of Time.
674—The Dictator's Treasure.
675—Pieces of Eight.
676—Behind the Mask.
677—The Green Patch.
678—The Drab Thread.
679—The Live-wire Clue.
680—The Vampires of the Tenement.
681—The Policy King Baffled.
682—The Madman's Gig.
683—A Life at Stake.
684—Trailing a Secret Thread.
685—The Crimson Flash.
686—A Puzzle of Identities.
687—The Westervelt Option.
688—The Vanishing Heiress.
689—The Birth of a Mystery.
690—A Clue from the Past.
691—The Red Triangle.
692—Doctor Quartz Again.
693—The Famous Case of Doctor Quartz.
694—The Chemical Clue.
695—The Prison Cipher.
696—A Pupil of Doctor Quartz.
697—The Midnight Visitor.
698—The Master Crook's Match.
699—The Man Who Vanished.
700—The Garnet Gauntlet.
701—The Silver Hair Mystery.
702—The Cloak of Guilt.
703—A Battle for a Million.
704—Written in Red.
705—The Collodion Stain.
707—Rogues of the Air.
709—The Bolt from the Blue.
710—The Stockbridge Affair.
711—A Secret from the Past.
712—Playing the Last Hand.
713—A Slick Article.
714—The Taxicab Riddle.
715—The Knife Thrower.
716—The Ghost of Bare-faced Jimmy.
717—The Master Rogue's Alibi.
718—The Diplomatic Spy.
719—The Dead Letter.
720—The Allerton Millions.
721—A Play for Place.
722—The House of Whispers.
724—The Blue Room Mystery.
727—The Great Pool Room Syndicate.
728—The Mummy's Head.
729—The Statue Clue.
730—The Torn Card.
731—Under Desperation's Spur.
732—The Connecting Link.
733—The Abduction Syndicate.
734—The Silent Witness.
736—The Toils of a Siren.
737—The Mark of a Circle.
738—A Plot Within a Plot.
739—The Dead Accomplice.
740—A Mysterious Robber.
741—The Green Scarab.
742—The Strangest Case on Record
743—A Shot in the Dark.
744—The Seven Schemers.
745—The Hidden Crime.
746—The Secret Entrance.
747—The Canyon Mystery.
748—The Disappearing Fortune.
749—A Voice from the Past.
752—The Spider's Web.
753—The Man With a Crutch.
754—The Rajah's Regalia.
755—Saved from Death.
756—The Man Inside.
757—Out for Vengeance.
758—The Poisons of Exili.
759—The Antique Vial.
760—The House of Slumber.
761—A Double Identity.
762—"The Mocker's" Stratagem.
763—The Man that Came Back.
764—The Tracks in the Snow.
765—The Babbington Case.
766—Masters of Millions.
767—The Blue Stain.
768—The Lost Clew.
769—The Midnight Message.
770—The Turn of a Card.
771—A Message in the Dust.
772—A Royal Flush.
773—The Metal Casket Mystery.
774—The Great Buddha Beryl.
775—The Vanishing Heiress.
776—The Unfinished Letter.
777—A Difficult Trail.
778—A Six-word Puzzle.
779—Dr. Quartz.
780—Dr. Quartz's Oath.
781—The Fate of Dr. Quartz.
782—A Woman's Stratagem.
783—The Cliff Castle Affair.
784—A Prisoner of the Tomb.
785—A Resourceful Foe.
786—The Heir of Dr. Quartz.
787—Dr. Quartz, the Second.
788—Dr. Quartz II. at Bay.
789—The Great Hotel Tragedies.
790—Zanoni, the Witch.
791—A Vengeful Sorceress.
792—The Prison Demon.
793—Doctor Quartz on Earth Again.
794—Doctor Quartz's Last Play.
795—Zanoni, the Transfigured.
796—The Lure of Gold.
797—The Man With a Chest.
798—A Shadowed Life.
799—The Secret Agent.
800—A Plot for a Crown.
801—The Red Button.
802—Up Against It.
803—The Gold Certificate.
804—Jack Wise's Hurry Call.
805—Nick Carter's Ocean Chase.
806—Nick Carter and the Broken Seal.
807—Nick Carter's Advertisement.
808—The Kregoff Necklace.
809—The Footprints on the Rug.
810—The Copper Cylinder.
811—Nick Carter and the Nihilists.
812—Nick Carter and the Convict Gang.
813—Nick Carter and the Guilty Governor.
814—The Triangled Coin.
815—Ninety-nine—and One.
816—Coin Number 77.
817—In the Canadian Wilds.
818—The Niagara Smugglers.
819—The Man Hunt.

Nick Carter Stories

1—The Man from Nowhere.
2—The Face at the Window.
3—A Night for a Million.
4—Nick Carter's Land Office.
5—Nick Carter and the Professor.
6—Nick Carter as a Mill Hand.
7—A Single Clew.
8—The Emerald Snake.
9—The Currie Outfit.
10—Nick Carter and the Kidnaped Heiress.
11—Nick Carter Strikes Oil.
12—Nick Carter's Hunt for a Treasure.

Price, Five Cents per Copy. If you want any back numbers of our weeklies and cannot procure them from your news dealer, they can be obtained direct from this office. Postage stamps taken the same as money.

STREET & SMITH, PUBLISHERS, 79-89 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY